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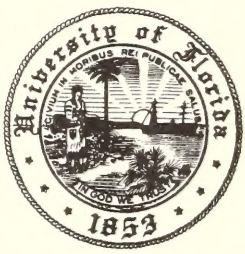

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EGLOGS, EPYTAPHES, AND SONETTES

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Eglogs

Epytaphes, and Sonettes

(1563)

BY

Barnabe Googe

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY

Frank B. Fieler

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA
SCHOLARS' FACSIMILES & REPRINTS
1968

SCHOLARS' FACSIMILES & REPRINTS

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INTRODUCTION

I

Barnabe Googe (1540-1594)[1] was one of that large group of Elizabethan civil servants with Puritan religious preferences, who assiduously spent their spare time translating continental works for the greater glory of the English language and for the edification of those Englishmen without languages. He attended both Oxford and Cambridge, took a degree at neither, and by 1560, when he published his translation of the first three books of *The Zodiacke of Life*, by Marcellus Palingenius, was living at Staples Inne. During the next year he probably entered the service of his kinsman William Cecil. In the winter of 1561-62, after completing three more

books of *The Zodiacke,* he traveled to France and Spain. The extent of his stay on the continent is not known, but if we can believe Blundeston's preface to the present work Googe did not return before the second half of 1562. In the summer of 1563, following the publication in March of *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnetes,* Googe was betrothed to Mary Darrell of Scotney, probably the Mistress D and D. S. of his poems. Also in 1563 he was appointed one of Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners.

On February 5, 1564, Googe married Mistress Darrell but only after enlisting the influence of Cecil and Archbishop Parker to keep her parents from marrying her to a later and wealthier suiter.[2] Googe finished his translation of Palengenius by 1565 when he published all twelve books of *The Zodiacke.* In 1570 appeared his translation of Thomas Naogeorgus' *Regnum Papisticum,* under the title *The Popish Kingdome, or Reigne of Antichrist.*

Googe went to Ireland in 1574, seemingly as an intelligencer reporting to Cecil on the activ-

ities of Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex. Whatever the original purpose of his service in Ireland, he remained there in the service of the English government for eleven years and continued his translating activities. In 1577 appeared his *Foure Bookes of Husbandrie collected by Conradus Heresbachius.* And in 1579 was published his translation of *The Proverbs* of Lopez de Mendoza. In 1582 he was appointed Provost Marshall of the Presidency Court of Connaught, a post he held until his return to England in 1585. It is generally believed that while in Ireland he became acquainted with Geoffrey Fenton, Edmund Spenser, and Barnabe Rich, for whose *Alarum For England* (1578) he supplied a prose epistle.

In his own day, Barnabe Googe was known primarily for his translations of Palingenius, Naogeorgus, and Heresbachius, and judging by the laudatory notices of him by other writers was held in high esteem. For us, however, the *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnetes* holds most interest. It is important to the history of English

literature because the eight eclogues which it contains were influential in establishing the genre in English, they introduced Montemayor's *Diana* to English readers, and they probably had some influence upon the *Shepheardes Calendar.* Further, because of its date and the author's age it offers interesting evidence of the immediate effects of Tottel's *Miscellany* and *The Mirror for Magistrates.* Thirdly, Googe is important to literary historians because his lyrics help to transmit the native lyric tradition to the greater Elizabethans and at the same time are evidence of a developing plain style tradition in the poetry of the English Renaissance.

Perhaps more importantly, Googe's poems have aesthetic value and can be read with some pleasure. *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnetes* is one of the very few readable volumes of poetry written during the first two decades of Elizabeth's reign. Like any minor poet he has many unsuccessful poems, but he also has a handful of successful ones. Since the sixteenth century Googe's reputation as a poet has been slight.

Except for a pioneering essay almost thirty years ago by Yvor Winters,[3] only at the present time has Googe been read by modern criticism with any understanding of the purposes and values of his poetry.[4]

II

About midway through the entries for 22 July 1562 to 22 July 1563, in Register A of the Stationers' Company, we find the following entry:

> Recevyd of Raufe newbery for his lycense for printinge of a *Certayne Ephitaphes and Sonattes* wryten by Barnabe Googe . . .vjd
> (Arber's *Transcript,* I, 208)

According to the title page printing was completed by 15 March 1563, and presumably the book was offered for sale immediately. It was not printed again until Arber's reprint edition in 1871, which was reissued in 1895 and again in 1910. In 1961 Alan Stephens edited a selection of the lyrics.

The prefaces and dedicatory epistle tell the following story about the printing of the poems. When Googe left for the continent in the winter of 1561-62, he deposited his poems in manuscript with his friend, Blundeston, who, without the poet's knowledge, gave them to Ralph Newbery for publication and composed a preface in verse and one in prose for the book by the end of May 1562. When Googe returned from the continent in late 1562 or early 1563, Blundeston was away from London and it was not until the latter returned that the author was informed of what had happened to his manuscript in his absence. Because the printer had already invested money in the book, rather than have him lose his investment, Googe reluctantly agreed to allow the poems to be published. Googe asks that the readers not be too critical of "the vnpleasaunt forme of my to fastely fynyshed Dreame," *i.e.*, "Cupido Conquered," thus implying that the ending had been completed in haste for publication, the poem having been unfinished in manuscript.

We may properly be suspicious about the accuracy of this account. Placing the responsibility for publication upon a "friend" was conventional at the time and for long after. And we may ask why over nine months passed between the time Blundeston completed his prefaces and the date the book was published, and why Newbery waited six or seven months before protecting his investment by acquiring license to print from the Stationers' Company. It certainly seems clear enough that more poems were added to the collection than the unfinished part of "Cupido Conquered" after Googe returned from Spain. The lyrics entitled "Goyng towardes Spayne," "At Bonyuall in Fraunce," and "Commynge home warde out of Spayne" clearly arise from his trip abroad and thus could not have been left with Blundeston. In all probability the fifth, sixth, and seventh eclogues were not written before Googe's visit to Spain. All three contain sections translated from Montemayor's *Diana*,[5] which was first published *circa* 1560 and was the rage of the Spanish

court during the period of Googe's visit. The passage in the sixth eclogue dealing with the trapping of birds is translated from the Spanish pastoral poet, Garcilaso de la Vega. Since it is unlikely that the *Diana* would have been available in England by 1561, and indeed there is no evidence that any other English writer had any knowledge of Montemayor until after Googe's eclogues were published, it seems safer to assume that these three eclogues were not composed before Googe left England.

When Googe's manuscript was set into type all lines of greater length than four metrical feet were divided into two lines; often the point of division occurred in the middle of a word. A septenar was divided after the fourth foot, a hexameter after the third, and a pentameter line after the second. Although Googe usually follows the ideal of the Tottel editor for regular metrical lines, the short lines on the page often give the false impression of absolute regularity, particularly in relation to the placing of the caesura.

III

The only pastoral eclogues in English preceding Googe's are the five by Alexander Barclay, which were not brought together in print until 1570. Although written early in the century, Barclay's eclogues do not seem to have been influential in making the genre a popular one among English writers. After the publication of Googe's, pastoral eclogues in English begin appearing regularly.

Like Barclay's, Googe's eclogues are quite derivative. As already mentioned the fifth, sixth, and seventh are primarily translations from the prose of Montemayor's *Diana.* The other five are in various ways imitative of, and in some places translations of, Mantuan.[6] Googe's first and second eclogues parallel and imitate Mantuan's third. Googe's third imitates Mantuan's fourth and sixth. The English author undoubtedly uses Mantuan's sixth eclogue as a model for the social and religious satire here. Coridon "come from the carte" can probably be identified as Stephen Gardiner, Mary Tudor's

Lord Chancellor, and Daphnes and Alexis would seem to be the Protestant martyrs Latimer and Ridley. The fourth eclogue shows some influence of Mantuan's third, but for the most part is modeled after the complaints in *A Mirror for Magistrates*, properly Puritanized in theme, of course. Googe's eighth eclogue has some close affinities with a passage in Mantuan's seventh.

It has long been recognized that Googe, like Spenser afterwards, unified his pastorals with a narrative and thematic thread. In the opening eclogue is stated the theme of the pastorals as a whole:

> Nowe Loue therfore I wyll defyne
> and what it is declare,
> Which way poore souls it doth entrap
> and howe it them doth snare.

The second eclogue, through the pathetic complaint of the shepherd Dametas ending in his death, illustrates the terrible effects of uncontrolled and unreasonable passion. The reference at the beginning of the third eclogue to

the flock of sheep Titirus has inherited from Dametas ties this eclogue to what has gone before, and the incident of the laming of Coridon's ram is thematically related to the first two eclogues. Googe is then free to engage in the conventional social and religious satire of the continental pastoral. Eclogue Four, by having the dead Dametas appear from Hell to warn of the dangers of love, recapitulates and drives home the theme of the first three eclogues. The story of Faustus, Claudia, and Valerius in the fifth eclogue presents another example of the fearful effects of love. The sixth contains the conventional praise of the country over the city, and is clumsily connected with the fifth through the use of a shepherd named Faustus, although not the Faustus of Eclogue Five. Eclogue Seven returns to the theme of unhappiness occasioned by love and takes up the question of the woman's part in this unhappiness. The final eclogue brings the series to a proper Christian conclusion by recommending divine love over the evils of physical love.

Of the eight, the second is the most successful as poetry. The effective variations played upon the refrain "Dametas for to die" help to give the poem a sense of that pastoral lyricism which, with the next generation of English poets, becomes one of the glories of Elizabethan verse. And the dangerous device of using *die* as a rime in each of the last five couplets, in addition to three more lines earlier, successfully supports the pathos of the situation and brings the poem to an effective close with a proper sense of finality as the inevitable rime coalesces in the last line with the final variation of the refrain: "Dametas here doth dye."

IV

The short poems which make up the middle part of the book, however, contain the best of Googe's poetry and are ultimately his most important in the development of English poetry, for they lead directly to the great plain style lyrics of the seventeenth century. Yvor Winters

described the early Elizabethan plain style at its best, as follows: "a theme usually broad, simple, and obvious, even tending toward the proverbial, but usually a theme of some importance, humanly speaking; a feeling restrained to the minimum required by the subject; a rhetoric restrained to a similar minimum, the poet being interested in his rhetoric as a means of stating his matter as economically as possible. . . . There is also . . . a strong tendency towards aphoristic statement. . . .

"The wisdom of poetry of this kind lies not in the acceptance of a truism, for anyone can accept a truism, at least formally, but in the realization of the truth of the truism: the realization resides in the feeling, the style. . . . the type of poetry which is perhaps the hardest to compose and the last to be recognized, a poetry not striking nor original as to subject, but merely true and universal, that is, in a sense commonplace, not striking nor original in rhetorical procedure, but direct and economical, a poetry which permits itself originality, that is the breath

of life, only in the most restrained and refined of subtleties in diction and in cadence, but which by virtue of those subtleties inspires its universals with their full value as experience."[7] This description may serve accurately to suggest the qualities of Googe's most successful lyrics, like "An Epytaphe of the Death of Nicholas Grimaold," "To Doctor Balle," "To George Holmeden of a ronnynge Heade," "To Mistress D. S.," "Of Money," and "Commyage home warde out of Spayne." In each, the effect can be ascribed to simple materials under purposeful control. But most of the poems in the volume fall short of this level, often because they are the experiments of a tyro trying to find his *metier.*

In 1557, when Tottel's *Miscellany* was published, Googe was seventeen years old and presumably a fledgling poet. Tottel served as his textbook for the lyrics he published at twenty-three. His meters are the meters of Tottel, as are his subjects, but his use of the *Miscellany* was not indescriminate. His poetry is primarily influenced by Wyatt and Grimald. From Wy-

att he learned to handle the deceptively simple native lyric tradition and the values of controlled, sparse, precise diction. Specific Wyatt poems can be seen behind certain of Googe's poems, for example, in "To M. Henrye Cobham, of the most blessed state of Lyfe," "To Mystresse A," and "Commynge home warde out of Spayne."

From Grimald, Googe derived a preference for the longer lyric measures, his characteristic form—the verse epistle, and the Humanist oriented practice of using classical rhetorical theory to order his poems. What, in effect, Googe's short poems represent is a merging of the native lyric tradition with the *schema* of classical rhetoric, emphasizing *inventio* and *dispositio*: a poetry of logical statement, whose emotion is consciously restrained and controlled. In Googe we find one of the earliest practitioners of a consciously plain style in English Renaissance poetry.

"Cupido Conquered" is a strange and unsuccessful attempt to combine medieval dream

vision, classical mythology, and Puritan morality. As Googe states in his dedication it is hastily finished, but its real weakness is that it is inordinately long and repetitious. Most of the poem is so illustrative of the vices of *copia* that it reads at times like a parody. The only interest the poem evokes today is that in a few places after the dreamer arrives at the Castle of Diana, the reader is reminded of similar attitudes toward love in Book III of the *Faerie Queene.*

The facsimile edition which follows is made from the copy in the Henry E. Huntington Library. Previous owners were George Steevens, Richard Heber, and S. R. Christie-Miller. Edward Arber is responsible for some confusion about this copy. In his reprint (p. 18), he erroneously stated that the title page of this copy, then owned by Christie-Miller, varied from that of the Trinity College, Cambridge, copy and the Henry Huth copy. His error was based upon his misreading W. C. Hazlitt's description

in *Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain* (London, 1867). Hazlitt was clearly describing the colophon, not the title page.

Frank B. Fieler

Ohio University
24 June 1967

NOTES

[1]The fullest biographical accounts can be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and in Robert Charles Hope's Introduction to a reprint (London, 1880) of *The Popish Kingdome.*

[2]See "Notes of the Life and Writings of Barnabe Googe" (pp. 8-13) in Arber's reprint of *Eglogs, Epitaphes and Sonnetes* (London, 1871) for details and the texts of letters written at the time by those directly involved.

[3]"The 16th Century Lyric in England," *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,* LIII, No. 5 (Feb. 1939), 258-272; LIII, No. 6 (Mar. 1939), 320-335; LIV, No. 1 (April 1939), 35-51.

[4]See Douglas Peterson's important study, *The English Lyric from Wyatt to Donne* (Princeton, 1967).

[5]T. P. Harrison, Jr., "Googe's *Eglogs* and Montemayor's *Diana*," *Univ. of Texas Studies in English*, No. 5 (Oct. 1925), 67-78.

[6]For the influence of Mantuan upon Googe, see Paul E. Parnell, "Barnabe Googe: A Puritan in Arcadia," *JEGP*, LX (1961), 273-281.

[7]*Poetry*, LIII, No. 5 (Feb. 1939), 262-263.

Eglogs

Epytaphes, and *Sonettes*.

Newly written by

Barnabe Googe.

1563.

15. Marche.

Imprynted at London, by
Thomas Colwell, for Raffe
Newbery, dwelyng in
Fleetſtrete a litle a-
boue the Conduit
in the late ſhop
of Thomas
Bartelet.

¶ Alexander Neuyll.

The Moũtaines hie the blustryng
The fluds: ẏ Rocks wstãd (wids
The Cities strong, the Cãnons
& threatning Cheiftains had. (shot,
The Castels houge by long beseyge,
and dredfull battrye brooke,
Bothe fyre, & flames, and thundrynge
and euery deadly stroke, (thumps
With feruent broylyng furious rage,
doth beate, and dryue to ground
The long desenced wals by force,
and throughly them confound.
Ryght so thy Muse (Oh worthy *Googe.*)
thy pleasaunt framed style
Discouerd lyes to momish Mouthes
Reprochfull tongs and vyle
Diffaming minds. Regard them not.
preas thou for hygher prayse.
Submit thy selfe to persons graue,
whose Judgement ryght alwayes

By Reason rulde doth ryghtly judge,
whom Fancies none can charme,
Which in the most Incōstant brains,
are chyefly wont to swarme.
Whom no desyre of fylthy gayne,
whom lucre none can moue
From truth to stray. Such me esteam,
Such such embrace and loue.
On such men stay thy tender years,
such Patrons seeke to chuse.
Which taught by Tyme, & practisde
vprightest iudgement vse. (Proofe
But as for those Crabsnowted bestes
those ragyng seends of Hell.
Whose vile, malicious, hatefull min-
w̄ boylyng Rancour swell. (des,
Which puft with Pryde, enflamd w̄
& drownd in deape disdain: (spight,
Lyke *Momus* monstrous broode out-
euen of a iolows Brayn (right
With curious, cāckard, carpsing mou
most famous dedes diffame, (thes,
Defacing those whose labours great,
Deserue immortall name.

Suche

Such crabfaced, cãkerd, carlish chuffs
within whose hatefull brestes,
Suche Malice bydes, suche Rancour
such endles Enuy rests (broyles,
Esteame thou not. No preiudice
to thee: nor yet oprest,
Thy famous wrytyngs are by them.
Thou lyuest and euer shalt.
Not all the slaundryng tonges aliue,
may purchase blame or fault
Unto to thy name (O worthy Googe.)
No tyme, no fyrye flame
Not all the furies frettyng Force,
Thy doynges may dyffame.
Let them in broyle of burning spight,
continuall Toyle sustayne
Let thẽ fele scourging Plags of mind
Let euer duryng payne,
Spred through their poisoned vaines.
ẇ payse of dedly waight: (Let Care
Oppresse theyr vyle infected Harts,
with stynging Malyce fraight.
Let them destroy them selvs in Time.
In Rancour let them boyle.

Let mortall hate, let pynching grefe,
let flamyng torments broyle,
Within theyr greuous vered breſts,
for euermore to dwell
Let them fele Enuies curſed force,
(conſumyng feend of Hell.)
Deſpe them all. μισάνθρωποι
and ſquynteye monſters ryght
They are. In fyne leue Sow to ſwill
and Chuff to cankerd Spyght.
But thou proceede in vertuous dedes,
and as thou haſte begon,
Go forward ſtyll to aduaũce thy fame
Lyfes Race halfe ryghtly ron
Farre eaſyer tis for to obtain,
the Type of true Renowne.
Like Labours haue ben recompenſt
with an immortall Crowne.
By this doth famouſe *Chaucer* lyue,
by this a thouſande moore
Of later yeares. By this alone
the olde renowmed Stoore
Of Auncient Poets lyue. By this
theyr Praiſe aloft doth mownt.

Unto

Unto the Skyes: and equall is
  with Stars aboue Accownt
Thy ſelfe then worthy of the lyke,
  yf that thou doſte proceade
By famous deds thy Fame to enhaũce
  and name abroade to ſpreade.
With Courage ſtout thã through the
  thou needſt not for to feare. (thikſt
Not he that ſayth, but he that doth,
  ought *Gloryes* Garlande weare.
Thus ſhalt ỹ ſtyll augment thy name,
  and wyn the hyghe Renowne,
And preſent Prayſe, in preſent Lyfe,
  and after Death a Crowne
Of Honour, that for euer laſts.
  immortall *Fame* in fyne.
To whole reward, thy faithfull Frend
  doth wholly the reſygne.

¶ *Finis.*

B. Googe.

¶ To the ryght Worſhip-full M. William Louelace, Eſquier, Reader of Grayes Inne: (*Barnabe Googe*) wyſheth healthy.

HOwe lothe I haue ben, beyng of long tyme earneſtlye requyred, to ſuffer theſe trifles of mine to cõe to light: It is not vnknowen to a greate nombre of my familiar acquaintaunce. Who both dayly & hourely moued me therunto, and lytell of long tyme preuayled therin. For I both conſydered and wayed with my ſelfe, the groſenes of my Style: whiche thus cõmytted to the ga-

ſynge ſhewe of euery eye ſhuld forth with diſcloſe ꝑ manifeſt foly of the Writer, and alſo I feared and miſ-truſted the diſdaynfull myndes of a nombre both ſcornefull and car-pynge Correctours, whoſe Heades are euer buſyed in tauntyng Iud-gementes. Leaſt they ſhuld other-wyſe interpꝛete my doyngs than in deade I meant them. Theſe two ſo great miſchiefes vtterly diſwa-ded me from the folowynge of my frendes perſwaſions, and wylled me rather to condem thē to conti-nuall darkenes, wherby no Inconuenience could happen: than to en-daunger my ſelfe in gyuynge them to lyght, to the diſdaynfull doome of any offended mynde. Notwith-ſtandynge all the dylygence that

I

coulde vſe in the Suppreſſion therof coulde not ſuffiſe for I my ſelfe beyng at that tyme oute of the Realme, lytell fearynge any ſuche thynge to happen. Al verye frende of myne, bearynge as it ſemed better wyll to my doynges than reſpec tyng the hazarde of my name, com mytted them all togyther vnpoly ſhed to the handes of the Printer. In whoſe handes durynge his ab ſence from the Cytie, tyll his re turne of late they remayned. At whiche tyme, he declared the mat ter wholly vnto me: ſhewynge me, that beynge ſo farre paſt, a Paper prouyded for the Impreſſion ther of: It coulde not withoute great hynderaunce of the poore Printer

be

be nowe reuoked. His sodayne tale made me at ẏ fyrst, vtterly amazed, and douoting a great while, what was best to be done: at the lengthe agreyng both with Necessytie and his Counsell, I sayde with *Martiall. Iam edposeras tutior esse domi.* And calling to mynde to whom I myght chieflye cōmyt the fruytes of my smiling muse: sodaynly was cast before my eyes the perfect vewe of your frendly mynd (gentle Maister Louelace) Unto whō for the nombred heapes of sundrye Frendshyps, accoūtynge my selfe as boūde, I haue thought best to gyue them, (not doubtyng) but that they shalbe as well taken, as I do presently meane them. Desyrynge you herein, as all suche as shall reade them especiallye to

beare

beare with the vnpleaſaunt ſorme of my to haſtely fynyſhed Dreame, the greater part whereof with lytle aduyſe I lately ended, bycauſe the begynnyng of it, as a ſenſeles head ſeparated frō the body was gyuen with the reſt to be pynted. And thus deſyrynge but for recompence the frendly receyuyng of my ſlender Gyfte, I ende: wyſhyng vnto you good Mayſter Louelace in this life the happye enioyeng of proſperous yeares: and hereafter the bleſſed eſtate of neuer ceaſynge Ioye.

Yours aſſuredly
Barnabe Googe.

Daphnes. *Amintas.*

T. L. Blundeſton to the Reader.

TO creepe into thy fa-
uoure (good Reader) with
a longe paynted Preamble
in prayſe of this Auctor, I account
it as vain. The Sōne Beames gy-
ues light ſufficient. To moue thy
Affection with forepromyſed plea-
ſure in reading the volume, I thinke
it as Bootleſs. Gold is of ſelf force
and vertue to draw the deſire. But
yo flowers of Rethorique fyrſt to de
lyght the, or yo Pythy Reaſons to
wynne thy good wyll and frendlye
Report for this my attempte: yf
ſuche tropes & ſignes were flowing
in me to perſwade wel thy fauour,
or ſo muche Diſcreſcion wantynge
in

In the to neeglecte my good mea-
nyng, I wold eyther enforce my self
to vse a better kynde of perſwaſion
or els withdrawe my good wyll
from the Sentence of ſo carpynge
and ſlender a Iudgement: but as
I haue felte no ſtuddes of the one,
ſo lykewyſe I ſee no Ebbes of the
other, that if I weare no more
barraygne of the fyrſte, then feare-
full of the laſte: I woulde be
then no more ſparynge to horde vp
my Treaſure from the: then I
truſt to fynde the thankfull now in
takyng this Preſent frō me, which
not onely to ſhewe my good wyll,
(as my Preface diſcourſeth more
largely) by preſeruynge the worthy
Fame, and Memorye of my deare
frende M. Googe in his abſence

I

I haue presumed more bouldely to hazard ỹ prynting heareof, though this maye suffyce to excuse well my enterpryse, but also to styre vp thy pleasure and further thy profit by readyng these his workes, whiche here I haue puplyshed: openly vnto thee. And so (beyng vnstored my selfe) I seake to satesfie thy learned or willyng desyre with other mens trauaeiles. But wheare the power fayleth the will may suffyce, the gyuer, not the gyft is to be regarded: preferre Colonus Radyshe roote before the Courtiers barbed horse. Accept my goodwyll and way not the valew, so shalt thou bynd me if power (as it is vnlykely, maye aunswere hearafter my meanynge, to gratefie thee with the whole fruits

of myne owne indeuour and ſo ſhalt thou encourage others to make the partaker of the like or farre greater Jewels who yet doubtyng thy vnthankefull receyte nigardly keape them to their own vſe & priuat commoditie. whear as beynge aſſured of the contrarye by thy frendly report of other mens trauayles, they coulde parhappes be eaſely entreated more frely to lend them abroad to thy greater auayle and further raunce. Thus therfore to thy good or euill taking I put foorth this paterne for others to follow in weighty er matters or els to beware by other mens harms, in keaping their names vnreproued by ſylence.

¶From my Chambre,
the.xxvii.of Maye.
1562.

The Preface of L. Blundeston

The Preface of L. Blundeston

The Senses dull of my appalled muse
Foreweryed with the trauayle of my brayne
In scannyng of the argued Bookes diffuse,
And darke for me the glimeryng Syght to gayne,
Debated long what excersyce to Use,
To fyle the edgeles partes of Wyt agayne
To clense the Heade from sleapy humours slyme.
To rouse the Hart from drowsye Dreames i time

The mind desyres to brek fro thoughtful denne
And time requyres the painted felds to vewe.
The Eye procures to please the Fancie then
With fieldish sights of diuers colours newe.
The smelling likes the sauour swete of them.
The Eare agrees the pleasaunt laye anewe
Of Byrds to here. Thus these do all contryue,
With this disporte the Spirits to reuyue.

But Fancie then, by serche of selfe deuyse,
Renouncyng thus to spende the pleasaunt Maye
So vainly out with sport of fruteles Pryce
Found out at length, this practyse for my playe,

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20 A

To penne in Verse, the toyls of her deuise,
To pas this tyme of Pentecoste awaye
Whose ydle dayes she wyld me thus to spende.
And publish forth her doings in the ende.

Quod Reason no, (and brake her tale begon)
Wilt thou presume, lyke Bayarde blynd to presse,
Into the throng of all the lookers on
Whose vewyng eyes, will wey thy wisdom lesse.
To se the threde of all thy workes yll spon
Drawen out at length, vnto the comon gesse,
Then if thou shuldst kepe to thy selfe thy clewe
Where none thy works besydes thy self may vew

With this rose vp, from out her Seate behynde,
Dame Memorye, and Reason thus besought.
Since Lady chiefe of vs thou art assygnde
To rule and temper all my secrete thought
And to restrane affections Fancie blynde,
Let me entreete if I may perce the ought,
For to present a Solace very fytte
Our Sences dull with chaunged Muse to whet.

Lo here the Eye a Paper buntche doth se
Of fyled worke of Googes flowing Heade,
Lefte here behynde, when hence he past from me,
In all the stormes that Winter blastes bespreade
Through swellyng Seas & loftye moutains hye
Of Pyrenei the pathes vnknowen to treade.

To penne in Verſe, the toyls of her deuiſe,
To paſs this tyme of Pentecoſte awaye
Whoſe pdle dayes ſhe wyld me thus to ſpende.
And publiſh forth her doings in the ende.

Quod Reaſon no, (and brake her tale begon,
Wilt thou preſume, lyke Bayarde blynd to ryſſe,
Into the thyong, of all the lookers on
Whoſe bewyng eyes, will wey thy wiſdem leſſe.
To ſe the threde of all thy workes yll ſpon
Drawen out at length, vnto the comon geſſe,
Then if thou ſhuldſt kepe to thy ſelfe thy cleuse
Where none thy workes beſydes thy ſelf may bew

With this roſe vp, from out her Seate behynde,
Dame Memorye, and Reaſon thus beſought.
Since Lady chiefe of vs thou art aſſygnde
To rule and temper all my ſecrete thought
And to reſtrane affections fancie blynde,
Let me entreate if I may perce the ought,
For to preſent a Solace deep fytte
Our Sences dull with chaunged Muſe to whet.

Lo here the Eye a Paper buntche doth ſe
Of fyled worke of Googes flowing Heade,
Lefte here behynde, when hence he paſt from me,
In all the ſtormes that Winter blaſtes beſpreade
Through ſwellyng Seas & lofty mountains hye
Of Pyrene the pathes vnknowen to treade.

Whoſe

Whose great good wyll I kepe, and in his place
His Verses craue to represent his face.

Unfolde the trusse therfore and yf the Muse
Be sotted so with this graue Study past
In so short space, or if we seke to chuse
To prynt our actes in safetie at the last
Cease of a whyle this Labor and peruse
These Papers left of suche delyghting taste
And put in prynt these workes of worthy Skyll
So shall we showe the fruytes of our good wyll.

This Fancie lykte, imagynyng aryght
Of her owne Ioye in hearyng of his Verse
And pleasaunt Style, most pythyly endyght
whose Fame forth blowen, his deds could wel reherse
But for to paynt my name in open sight
with others Stuffe, this wold she fayne reuerse,
And thinkes I should in others Plumes so show
My selfe, to be a seconde Esops Crowe.

But after when the Eye had vewed eche Lyne,
That Googe had pend and left behynde with me,
when Memorye could all the effect resygne,
To Reasons Skyll, to weye them as they lye.
with long reherse of tryed Fayth by tyme
Then Fancie soone her Pryde, began to plye
And all receyued muche pleasure to the Mynde
More profytte farre than Fancye had assygnde.

Whoſe great good wyll I hope, and in his place
His Verſes craue to repreſent his face.

Unfolde the truſſe therfore and pyck the Muſe
Be ſorted ſo with this graue Study paſt
In ſo ſhort ſpace, or if we ſeke to chuſe
To pryck our actes in ſafetie at the laſt
Ceaſe of a whyle this Labor and peruſe
These Papers left of ſuche delyghting taſte
And put in pryck theſe workes of worthy Skyll
So ſhall we ſhowe the fruytes of our good wyll.

This Fancie lyke, imagyning aryght
Other owne Hope in hearyng of his Verſe
And pleaſaunt Style, moſt pythyly endyght
whoſe Fame forth blowen, his deds could wel re-
But loth to pryck my name in open ſight (herſe
With others Stuffe, this wold the fayne reuerſe,
And thinkes ſhould in others Plumes ſo ſhow
Hy ſelfe, to be a ſeconde Clops Crowe.

But after when the Eye hsd vewed eche Lyne.
That Googe had pend and left behynde with me,
when Memorye could all the effect reſygne,
To Reaſons Skyll, to wepe them as they lyke.
With long rehearſe of tryed Fayth by tyme
Then Fancie ſoone her Pryde, began to plye
And all receyued muche pleaſure to the Mynde
Moze profyte farre then Fancye had aſſygnde.

And Fancie thus her selfe with blushyng face,
Condemned by Dame Reasons dome deuyne
To se thalluryng Style the cumly grace,
The sappye Sence of this his passyng Ryme,
So farre surmountynge her Inuention base,
And hearyng of his frendlynes in fyne
which Memorye her Storehouse held full faste
Allowed well theyr Judgements at the laste.

Since euerye Sence did wonted Strength renue,
The Blud congeld, recoursed to his place
The wyts benomb brought to theyr propre quue
The Hart opprest with old delighting grace,
Unburdend nowe and puft with pleasure newe
By takyng of this Booke the vewyng gase.
They all at ons Good wyll nowe calde vpon,
To wrest her selfe to quyght these works anon.

Thus pushte I forth strayghte to the Printers hande
These Eglogs, Sonets, Epytaphes of men
Vnto the Readers Eyes for to be skande,
with Prayses suche as is due vnto them
who absent nowe theyr Mayster maye comende,
And feade his Fame what soeuer fayleth him,
Give Googe therfore his owne deserued Fame,
Give Blundeston leaue to wysh wel to his name:

Finis.

And Fancie thus her selfe with blushyng face,
Condemned by Dame Reasons dome deuyne
To se thalluryng Style the cumly grace,
The sappye Sence of this his passyng Ryme,
So farre surmountynge her Inuention base,
And hearyng of his frendlynes in syne
Whiche Memorye her Storehouse held full fasse
Allowed well theyr Judgements at the laste.

Since euerye Sence did wonted strength renue,
The Blud congeld, recoursed to his place
The wyts benomd brought to theyr propre quite
The Hart oppreſt with old delighting grace,
Unburdend nowe and puſt with pleasure newe
By takyng of this Booke the bewyng gase
They all at ons Good wyll nowe calde vpon,
To wrest her selfe to quyght these works anon.
hande
Thus pushte Iforth strayghte to the Printers
These Eglogs, Sonets, Epytaphes of men
Unto the Readers Eyes for to be shande,
With Prayses such as is due unto them
Who absent nowe theyr Mayster maye cōmende,
And feade his Fame what soeuer fayleth him,
Gyue Googe therfore him owne deserued Fame,
Giue Blundeston leaue to wysh wel to his name.

¶ Finis.

Egloga prima

Daphnes. *Amintas.*

Syth *Phebus* now begins to flame,
O frende *Amintas* deare:
And placed hath his gorgeous *globe*
in midste of all the Spheare
And fro ẏ place doth cast his Beames,
where (they that starres deſyne)
Lyes poynt (doo ſaye) that termed is,
ryght Equinoctial lyne.
Wheras the Ram doth cauſe to ſpring,
eche herbe and floure in ſelde
And forceth ground (ẏ ſpoyld of grene
Wid lye,) newe grene to yelde.
Let shepherds vs yelde alſo tales,
as beſt becõmes the tyme:
Suche tales as Winter ſoznes haue
in countrey Poets Ryme. (Kaydo
Begyn to ſynge *Amintas* thou,
foz why: thy wyt is beſt:
And many a ſeged ſawe lies hyd
within thine aged breſt.

Egloga

Ofte haue I heard, of Shephards old,
thy fame reported true,
No Herdman liues: but knowes the
to olde *Amintas* due: (praise,
Begyn therfore, and I gyue eare,
for talke doth me delyght,
Go Boye: go dryue the Beastes to fede
whyle he his mynde resyght.

Amin. Thy prayses *Daphnes* are to great,
and more for me than meete:
Nor euer I, suche saged sawes,
coulde synge in Verses sweete.
And now, to talke of spring time tales
my heares to hoare, do growe
Suche tales as these, I tolde in, tyme,
when youthfull yeares dyd flowe.
But synce, I can not the denye,
thy Fathers loue doth bynde:
In symple Songe I wyll adresse
my selfe, to showe my mynde.
Longe hast thou *Daphnes* me requyred
the state of Loue to tell.
For in my youth, I knewe the force,
and passions all, full well.

Nowe

prima.

Nowe Loue therfore I wyll defyne
and what it is declare,
which way poore souls it doth entrap
and howe it them doth snare.
My Boie, remoue my beasts frō hens
and dryue them farther downe,
Upon the Hylles, let them go feade,
that ioyne to yender towne,
O Cuppyde kynge of fyerye Loue,
ayde thou my syngynge Verse,
And teache me heare the cause & case,
Of Louers to reherse,
Direct my tong, in trothe to treade,
with Furye fyll my brayne,
That I may able be to tell,
the cause of Louers payne.
Opinions diuers coulde I showe,
but chiefest of them all,
I wyll declare: and for the rest,
with silence leaue I shall.
A feruent Humour, (some do iudge)
within the Head doth lye,
Whiche yssuyng forth with poysoned
doth ron frō eye to eye: (beames

Egloga

And taking place abrode in heads,
a whyle doth fyrmely reſt:
Till Phrenſie framde in fancie fond,
diſcends from hed, to breſt.
Plato. And poiſon ſtrong, frō eies outdrawn
doth perce the wretched harte,
And all infectes the blood aboute,
and boyles in euery parte:
Thus: whē the beames, infected hath,
the wofull Louers blud:
Then Sences al, do ſtrayght decaye,
oppreſt with Furyes flud.
Then Lybertie withdrawes her ſelf,
and Bondage beares the ſhaye,
Affection blynd then leades the hart,
and Wyt, is wounde awaye.
O *Daphnes* then, the paines appeare,
and tormentes all of hell.
Then ſekes, the ſelye wounded ſoule,
the flames for to expell.
But all to late, alas he ſtrynes,
for fancie beares the ſtroke
And he, muſt toyle (no helpe there is)
in ſlauyſhe ſeruyle yoke.

His

prima.

His blud corrupted all within,
doth boyle in euery vayne,
Than sekes he howe to sewe for salue
that maye redresse his payne.
And when the face, he doth beholde
by whiche he shulde haue ayde,
And sees no helpe, thē lookes he long,
and trembleth all afrayde.
And museth at the framed shape,
that hath his lyfe in handes:
Nowe fast he flies, aboute the flames,
nowe styll amased standes:
Yet Hope relieues, his hurtful Heate
and Wyll doth Payne make lyght,
And al the griefes, that then he feeles
doth Presence styll requyght.
But when the Lyght absented is,
and Beames in hart remayne,
Then flames the Fyre fresh agayne,
and newe begyns his Payne.
Then longe he lookes, his losse to se,
then sobbes, and syghes abounde,
Then mourneth he, to mys the marke
that erst to soone he founde.

Egloga

Then ſhadefull places oute he lookes,
and all alone he lyues,
Exylynge Ioye, and myrth from him,
hymſelfe to waylynge gyues,
And ſtyll his minde theron doth muſe
and ſtyll, therof he prates,
O *Daphnes* here I ſwere to the,
no griefe to Louers ſtate.
Yf he but ones beholde the place,
where he was wont to mete,
The pleaſaunt ſorme ẏ hym enflamd,
and ioyfull Countnaunce ſwete.
The place (a wonderous thing I tell)
his greefe augmenteth newe,
Yet ſtyll he ſekes the place to ſe,
that moſte he ſhulde eſchewe.
Yf but the name rehearſed be,
(a thynge more ſtraunge to heare)
Then Colour cõmes and goes in haſt
then quaketh he for feare,
The verye name, hath ſuche a force,
that it can daſe the mynde,
And make the man amaſde to ſtande,
what force hath Loue to bynde?

Affection

prima.

Affection none to this is lyke,
it doth surmount them all,
Of greifes, the greatest greif no doubt
is to be *Venus* thrall,
And therfore, *Daphne* nowe beware,
for thou art yonge, and fre,
Take heade of bewynge faces longe,
for lacke of Lybertye,
I shall not nede (I thynke) to byd
the, to detest the Cryme,
Of wycked loue, that *Ioue* did vse, *Iupiter.*
In *Ganimedes* tyme,
For rather wolde I (thoo it be muche)
that thou shuldest leake the fyre,
Of lawfull Loue, that I haue told,
than burne wyth suche desyre,
And thus an end, I wery'd am,
my wynde is olde, and faynt,
Suche matters I, do leaue to suche,
as finer farre can paint,
Fetche in the Gote: that goes astraye,
and dryue hym to the folde,
My yeares be great I wyl be gone,
for sprygtyme nyghts be colde.

Egloga

Dephnes Great thankes to the, for this thy tale
Aminias here I giue:
But neuer can I make amendes
to the whilste I do liue.
Yet for thy paynes (no recompence)
a small rewarde haue here.
A whistle framed longe ago,
wherwith my father deare
His ioyfull beastes, was wont to kepe.
No Pype for tune so swete
Might shepharde euer yet posses,
(a thynge for the full mete.)

Finis Egloga primæ.

Egloga secunda.

Dametas.

My beastes, go fede vpon ỹ plaine,
and let your herdman lye,
Thou seest her mind, & fearst ỹ
Dametas for to dye? (nowe,
Why

Secunda.

Why ſtayeſt ẏ thus? why doſte ẏ ſtay?
thy lyfe to longe doth laſte:
Accounte this flud, thy fatall graue,
ſyth time of hope is paſte.
What meanſt thou thus to linger on?
thy life wolde fayne departe,
Alas: the wounde doth feſter ſtyll,
of curſed Cupids darte.
No ſalue but this, can helpe thy ſore,
no thynge can moue her minde
She hath decreed, that thou ſhalt dye,
no helpe there is to finde.
Nowe ſyth there is, no other helpe,
nor ought but this to trye,
Thou ſeeſt her mind: why fearſte thou (than?
Dametas for to dye.
Long haſt thou ſerued, & ſerued true,
but all alas, in vayne,
For ſhe thy ſeruyce, nought eſteemes,
but deales the griefe for gayne.
For thy good wyll, (a gay reward)
Diſdayne, for Loue ſhe gyues,
Thou loueſt her while thy life doth laſt,
ſhe hates the, while ſhe liues.

Egloga

Thou flamſte, when as ꝑ ſeeſt her face
with heate of hye deſyre,
She flames agayne, but how? (alas)
with depe diſdaynfull yre.
The greateſt pleaſure is to the,
to ſe her voyde of payne,
The greateſt greyefe to her agayne,
to ſe thy health remayne.
Thou couetſte euer her to fynde,
ſhe ſekes from the to flye,
Thou ſeeſt her mynd, why feareſt thou
Dametas for to dye? (than?
Doſte thou accounte it beſt to kepe,
thy lyfe in ſorowes ſpyll?
Or thynkſte thou beſt it now to lyue,
Contrarye to her wyll?
Thynkſte thou thy lyfe for to retaine?
when ſhe is not content,
Canſte thou addicte: thy ſelfe to lyue?
and ſhe to murder bent.
Doſte thou entende agayne, to ſewe
for mercye at her handes?
As ſoone thou mayſt go plow ꝑ rocks,
and reape vpon the Sandes.

Drawe

Secunda.

Draw nere O mighty herd of beaſts
ſyth no man els is bye,
Your Herdman longe that hathe you kept,
Dametas nowe muſt dye.
Reſolue your Brutiſhe eies to teares
and all togyther crye,
Bewayle the wofull ende of Loue,
Dametas nowe muſt dye.
Gy pleaſaunt Songs, nowe ſhall you
no moze on Mountaines bye, (here
I leaue you all, I muſt be gone.
Dametas nowe muſt dye:
To *Titirus* I you reſyne,
in Paſture good to lye,
For *Titirus* ſhall kepe you thoughe,
Dametas nowe muſt dye.
O curſed Cauſe, that hath me ſlayne,
Gy trothe alas to trye,
O Shephardes all, be Wytneſſes,
Dametas here doth dye.

Finis Egloga ſecundæ.

Egloga

Egloga tertia.

Menalcas. *Coridon.*

A pleaſaunt weather *Coridon*,
and ſytte to kepe the ſyelde,
This moone hath brought.hearſt ỹ the
what ioyful tunes they yeld' (birds
Loe:how the luſtie lambes do courſe,
whom ſpryng time heate doth pricke
Beholde againe,the aged Ewes,
with bouncinge leapes do kicke,
Amonſt thē all, what ayles thy rāme,
to halte ſo muche behynde,
Some ſore miſchaūce,hath him befaln
or els ſome griefe of minde,
For wonte he was, of ſtomacke ſtoute
and courage hye to be,
And looked proude,amongſt ỹ flocke,
and none ſo ſtoute as he.

Cor. A great miſhap, and griefe of mynde,
is him befalne of late,
Which cauſeth him,againſt his wyll,
to loſe his olde eſtate.

A

tertia.

A luſtie flocke hath *Titirus*,
that him *Dametas* gaue,
Dametas he, that Martin dieb,
whoſe ſoule the heaues haue,
And in this flocke, full many Ewes
of pleaſaunte ſorme do goe,
with the almighty Rãme both ronne,
that workes all Woers woe.
By Rãme, whẽ he the pleaſaũt dames
had bewed rounde aboute,
Chose groũde of battaple, with his foe
and thought to fyght it oute.
But all to weake, (alas) he was,
although his harte was good,
For when his enemye him eſpied,
he rãne with cruell moode.
And with his croked weapon ſmote,
him ſore vpon the ſyde,
A blowe of force, that ſtayde not there
but to the legges dyd glyde.
And almoſte laamd the lover gupte.
(ſuche happes in loue there be:)
This is the cauſe, of all his griefe
and wayllynge that you ſe.

Well

Egloga

Men. Well *Coridon* let hym go halte,
and let vs both go lye,
In yonder buſshe of Iuniper,
the Beaſts ſhall fede hereby.
A pleaſaunt place here is to talke:
good *Coridon* begyn,
And let vs knowe the Townes eſtate,
that thou remayneſt in.

Cor. The Townes eſtate? *Menalcas* oh
thou makſte my harte to grone,
For Vice hath euery place poſſeſſe,
and Vertue thence is flowne.
Pryde beares her ſelfe, as Goddeſſe
and boaſtes aboue ẏ Skye, (chiefe
And Lowlynes an abiecte lyes,
with Gentlenes her bye,
Wyt is not ioynde with Symplenes,
as ſhe was wont to be,
But ſekes the ayde of Arrogance,
and craftye Polycie.
Nobylitie begyns to fade,
and Carters vp do ſpryng,
Then whiche, no greater plague can
nor more pernicious thyng. (hap,

Menalcas

tertia.

Menalcas I haue knowen my ſelfe,
within this thyrtye yeare,
Of Lordes and Auncient Gentelmen
a hundreth dwellynge theare,
Of whom we Shephardes had reliefe
ſuche Gentlenes of mynde,
Was placed in theyr noble Harten,
as none is nowe to fynde.
But Hawtynes and proude Diſdayne
hath nowe the chiefe Estate,
For fyr Iohn Straw, & fyr Iohn Cut,
wyll not degenerate.
And yet, they dare account the ſelues
to be of Noble bludde.
But Filthe bred vp, in durtye Poales,
wyll euer ſtynke of mudde.
I prompſe the *Menalcas* here,
I wolde not them enuye.
If any ſpot of Gentlenes,
in them I myght eſpye.
For yf theyr Natures gentell be,
thoughe byrth be neuer ſo baſe,
Of Gentelmen (for mete is ſo)
they ought haue name and place:

But

Egloga

But whē by byrth, they base are bred,
and churlisshe harte retaine,
Though place of gentlemen thei haue
yet churles they do remayne.
A prouerbe olde, hath ofte ben harde
and nowe full true is tryed:
An Ape, wyll euer be an Ape,
thoughe purple garments hyde.
For seldom, wyll the mastye course,
the Hare or els the Deare:
But styll, accordynge to his kynde.
wyll holde, the hogge by theare.
Unfitte are dunghill knights to serue
the towne, with Speare in fielde:
Nor strange it semes, (a sudain Chep)
to leape from whyp, to shielde.
The chiefest man, in all our towne,
that beares the greatest swaye,
Is *Coridon* no kynne to me,.
a Neteherd shother daye
This *Coridon* come from the Carte,
In honour chiefe doth sytte,
And gouernes vs: because he hath,
a Crabbed, Clownish wytte.

Nowe

quarta.

Nowe se the Churlysh Crueltye,
that in hys harte remayns.
The selye Sheape ẏ Shephards good,
haue fosterd vp wyth Paynes,
And browght awaye, from Stynkyng
on pleasant Hylles to seade: (dales
O Cruell Clownish Coridon,
O cursed Carlish Seade:
The simple Shepe, constrayned he,
theyr Pasture swete to leaue,
And to theyr old corrupted Grasse.
enforceth them to cleaue.
Such Shepe, as wold not them obaye
but in theyr Pasture byde.
with (cruell flames,) they did cōsume
and ver on euery syde.
And wt the Shepe, ẏ Shephardes good,
(O hate full Hounds of Hell,)
They did torment. and dryue thē out,
in Places farre to dwell.
There dyed *Daphnes* for his Shepe,
the chiefest of them all.
And fayre *Alexis* flamde in Fyre,
who neuer perysshe shall.

Egloga

O Shepharde waple, for *Daphnes* death.
Alexis hap lament,
And curs the force of cruell hartes,
that them to death haue sent.
I, synce I salue suche synfull syghes,
dyd neuer lyke the Cowne,
But thought it best to take my sheape,
and dwell vpon the downe.
Whereas I lyue, a pleasaunt lyfe,
and free from cruell handes,
I wolde not leaue, the pleasaunt fyelde
for all the Cownyshe Landes.
For syth that Pryde, is placed thus,
and Vice set vp so hye:
And Crueltie doth rage so sore,
and men lyue all awrye:
Thynkste ỹ? ỳ God, will long forbere,
his scourge, and plague to sende?
To suche as hym do styll despyse
and neuer seke to mende?
Let them be sure he wyll reuenge.
when they thynke leaste vpon.
But looke a stormy showre doth ryse
whiche wyll fall heare anone,

Menalcas

tertia.

Menalcas best we nowe departe,
my Cottage vs shall keepe,
For there is rowme for the, and me,
and eke for all our sheepe:
Som Chestnuts haue I there in store
with Cheese and pleasaunt whaye,
God sends me Vittayles for my nede,
and I synge Care awaye.
¶ *Finis Egloge tertie.*

Egloga quarta.

Melibeus *Palemon.*

O God, that guyds ẏ golden *Globe*,
wher shinyng shapes do dwel
O thou ẏ throwest the thūder thumps
from Heauens hye, to Hell,
what wonders workes thy worthynes
what meruayles doste thou frame?
What secrete syghts be Subiect sene
vnto thy holy name?
A symple Shepharde slayne of late,
by foolysshe force of Loue,

Egloga

That had not Grace ſuch ſanctes ſonde
and flames for to remoue,
Appeared late, before myne eies,
(Alas I feare to ſpeake,)
Not as he here was wont to lyue,
whyle Gryefe hym none did breake.
But all in blacke, he clothed came
an vgly ſyght to ſe:
As they that for theyr due Deſartes,
with Paynes tormented be,
My hope for feare amaſed ran,
and fled from hyll to Dale,
And I alone remaynes there,
with countenaunce wan and pale.
O Lorde (quoth I,) what meanes this
is this *Alexis* ſpryght? (thyng
Or is it *Daphnes* ſoule that ſhowes?
to me this dredfull ſyght.
Or comes ſome feend of Hell abrode?
with feare men to torment?
Megera this? or *Triſiphon*?
Or is *Alecto* ſent?
what ſoeuer thou art, ſ thusdoſt com?
Ghoſt, Hagge, or Feende of Hell:

tertia.

I the cōmaunde by hym that lyues,
thy name and case to tell.
With this, a stynkyng smoke I sawe,
from out his mouth to slye,
And wt that same, his voyce did sound.
None of them all am I.
But ons thy frende (*O Melibei*)
Dametas was my name,
Dametas I, that slewe my selfe,
by force of foolysshe flame.
Dametas I, that dotynge dyed,
In fyre of vnkynde Loue:
Dametas I, whom *Deiopey*,
dyd cause suche ende to proue,
The same *Dametas* here I com,
by lycens vnto the:
For to declare the wofull state,
that happens now to me.
(*O Melibei*) take hede of Loue,
of me Example take,
That slewe my selfe, and liue in Hell,
for *Deiopeias* sake.
I thought that Deth should me release
from paynes and dolefull woe,

Egloga

But nowe (alas) the trothe is tryed,
I fynde it nothynge soe,
For looke what Payne & greefe I felt
when I lyued heare afore:
With those I nowe tormented am,
and with ten thousand more.
I meane not that I burne in loue,
suche foolysh toyes begon,
But Griefes in nombre haue I lyke
and many more vpon.
O cursed Loue, (what shulde I saye,)
that brought me fyrste to Payne,
Well, myght I ones despyse thy lore,
but nowe (alas) in vayne.
With fond Affection, I dyd blame,
whyche nowe I moste repent,
But all to late (alas) I waile,
syth hope of Grace is spent.
The fickle fadynge forme, and face,
that ones so muche I sowght,
Hath made me lose the Skyes aboue,
and me to Hell hath browght.
Why had I Reason delt to me!
and coulde not Reason vse.

Why

quarta.

Why gaue I Wrydle to my wyll:
when I myght well refuſe.
A wycked Wyll, in dede it was,
that blynded ſo my ſyght,
That made me on ſuch fadyng Duſte,
to ſet my whole Delyght.
A fonde Affection lead me then,
When I for God dyd place,
A Creature, cauſe of all my Care,
a fleſhye fletynge face,
A woman Waue of Wretchednes,
a Paterne pylde of Pryde,
A Gate of Myſchiefe and Diſtreſſe,
for whom (a foole) I dyed.
Thus whyle he ſpake, I ſawe me
of Hell an vglye fende, (thought
With lothſome Clawes, hym for to
and forced him there to ende. (cloſe
And with this ſame, (O *Mabey*,)
farewell, farewell (quoth he.)
Eſchewe the Blaſe of feruent flames,
Example take of me.
My Harte with this began to rent,
and all amaſde I ſtoode.

Egloga

O lord (quoth I) what flames be these
what Rage, what Furyes woode?
Doth Loue procure, to wretched men
what Bondage doth it bringe?
Paine here: & Paine in lyfe to come.
(O dolefull, dredefull thynge.)
I quake to heare, this storye tolde,
and *Melibei* I fainte,
For sure I thought *Dametas* had,
ben placed lyke a Saynte.
I thought that cruel *Charons* Boate,
had myste of hym her straycht,
And through his deth, he mounted had
to starres and Heauens straycht.
Howe valiantly dyd he despyse,
his lyfe in Bondage leade?
And scheyng Deth with courage hye,
from Loue and Ladye fledde.
And is he thus relwarded nowe?
The ground be cursed than,
That fostered vp, so fayre a face
that losse so good a Man.

¶ *Finis Eloge quarte.*

Egloga

Egloga quinta.

Mopsus. *Agon.*

SOm doleful thing there is at hand
thy countenaunce doth declare,
Thy face good *Agon* voide of blud
thine eies amased stare:
Ist thy teares, howe they do still,
disclose thy secrete mynde,
Hath Fortune frowned late on the?
Hath Cupide ben vnkinde. *Agon.*
A pyteous thinge to be bewaylde
a desperate Acte of Loue,
(O Destenies) suche cruell broyles,
Howe haue you power to moue?
Here lyued a Ladye fayre of late,
that *Claudia* men dyd call:
Of goodly forme, yea suche a one,
as farre surmounted all.
The stately Dames, ẏ in this Course,
to showe them selues do lye,
There was not one in all the Crewe:
that coulde come Claudia nye.

Egloga

A worthy Knyght dyd loue her longe.
and for her ſake dyd ſeale,
The panges of Loue.that happen ſtyl
by frownyng Fortunes wheale,
He had a Page, *Valerius* named,
whom ſo muche he dyd truſte,
That all the ſecrets of his hart,
to hym declare he muſte.
And made hym all the onely meanes,
to ſue for his redreſſe,
And to entreate for grace to her,
that cauſed his diſtreſſe.
She whan as fyrſt ſhe ſaw his page
was ſtraught with hym in Loue,
That nothynge couldе *Valerius* face,
from *Claudias* mynde remoue.
By hym was *Faustus* often harde,
by hym his ſutes tohe place,
By hym he often dyd aſpyre,
to ſe his Ladyes face.
This paſſed well,tyll at the length,
Valerius for dyd ſeke,
With many teares beſechynge her,
his Maiſters grefe to reke,

And

quinta.

And tolde her that yf ſhe wolde not
releaſe, his Mayſters payne,
Ye neuer wolde attempte her moze,
noz ſe her ones agayne.
She then with maſed countnaunce
and teares ỹ guſhing fell, (there
Aſtonyed anſwerde thus, loe nowe,
alas I ſe to well.
Howe longe I haue deceyued ben,
by the *Valerius* heare,
I neuer yet beleued before,
noz tyll this tyme dyd feare,
That thou dydſte foz thy Mayſter ſue
but onely foz my ſake.
And foz my ſyghe, I euer thought,
thou dydſte thy trauayle take.
But nowe I ſe the contrarye,
thou nothynge carſte foz me,
Synce fyrſt thou knewſte, the ſperye
that I haue felte by the. (flames
O Lozde howe yll, thou dooſte requyte
that I foz the haue done,
I curſe the time, that frendſhyp fyrſt,
to ſhowe, I haue begon.

D

quinta.

O lorde I the beseche let me,
in tyme reuenged be:
And let hym knowe that he hath synd,
in this misusynge me.
I can not thynke, but Fortune once,
shall the rewarde for all,
And vengeaunce due for thy deserts,
in tyme shall on the fall.
And tell thy maister *Faustus* nowe,
yf he wolde haue me lyue:
That neuer more he sewe to me,
this aunswere laste I gyue:
And thou o Traytour vyle,
and enmye to my lyfe,
Absent thy selfe from out my syght,
procure no greater stryfe,
Synce ẏ these teares, had neuer force
tomoue thy stoneye harte,
Let neuer these my weryed eyes,
se the no more. Departe.
This sayde in haste she hieth in,
and there doth vengeaunce call,
And strake her self, with cruel knyfe,
and bluddye downe doth fall.

This

qninta.

This dolfull chaũce, whã *Fauſtus* heard
lamentynge lowde he crpes,
And teares his heare and doth accuſe,
the vniuſt and cruell Skies.
And in this ragynge moode awaye,
he ſtealeth oute alone,
And gone he is: no mã knowes where
eche man doth for hym mone.
Valerius whan he doth perceyue,
his Mayſter to be gone:
He weepes & wailes, in piteous plight
and forth he ronnes anone.
No Man knowes where, he is becom,
ſome ſaye the woodes he toke,
Intendynge there to ende his lyfe,
on no Man more to looke:
The Courte lamentes, the Princeſſe
her ſelfe doth weepe for woe, Yet
Loe, *Fauſtus* fled, and *Claudia* deade.
Valerius vanyſhed foe.

¶ *Finis Egloge quinte.*

Ebloga

Egloga ſexta.

Felix. *Fauſtus.*

Felix. O *Fauſtus*, whom aboue the reſt,
of Shepardes here that kepe,
Vpon theſe holts, ỹ nõbre great
of waighty e fleeſed ſhepe:
I euer haue eſtemde: and coũted eke,
the chiefeſt frende of all,
What great miſhap, what ſcourge of
or griefe hath the befall? (minde
That hath the brought i ſuch a plight
farre from thy wonted guyſe?
What meanes this coũtenaũce all be-
wteres? theſe wretched eies (ſpirit
This mournynge looke, this veſture
this wrethe of Wyllow tree, (ſad
(Vnhappy man) why doſte thou wepe
what chaunce hath altered the?
Tell tell, me ſoone, I am thy frende,
Diſcloſe to me thy greefe,
Be not afrayde, for frendes do ſerue,
to gyue theyr frendes relyefe.

The

ſexta.

The wofull cauſe of all my hurte, *Fauſus.*
good *Felix* longe agoe,
Thou knewſt full well: I nede not
by wordes to double woe, (now
Synce that (alas) all hope is paſt
ſynce greſe, and I am one,
And ſynce the Ladye of my lyfe,
(my faute) I haue forgone,
What wouldſt ÿ haue me do (oh frend:)
to ioye: in ſuche dyſtres:
Naye pleaſures quyte I baniſh here,
and yelde to heuynes,
Let greſes torment me euermore,
let neuer Cares awaye.
Let neuer Fortune turne her wheale
to gyue me blyſſull daye.
Loue hath me ſcourged: I am content
lament not thou my ſtate,
Let ſpyght on me take vengeaunce
let me be torne with hate. (nowe
Let her enioye, her happye lyfe,
a floure of golden hewe,
That cloſeth when the Son doth ſet, *A Marygolde.*
and ſpreads with Phebus newe.

Syth

Egloga

Syth frō my Garlande nolo is falne,
this famouſe flowre ſwete:
Let Wyllows wynde aboute my hed,
(a Wreathe for Wretches mete)
Felix. Fye *Fauſtus*, let not fancie fonde,
in the beare ſuche a ſwaye,
Expell Affections from thy mynde,
and dryue them quyght awaye.
Embrace thine Auncient Lybertie,
let Bondage byle be fled:
Let Reaſon rule, thy eraſed Brayne,
place Wyt, in Folies ſteade.
Synce ſhe is gone, what remedye?
why ſhuldeſt thou ſo lament?
Wilt thou deſtroy thy ſelf with teares
and ſhe to pleaſures bent?
Gyue eare to me, and I wyll ſhowe
the remedies for Loue
That I haue learned longe agoe:
and in my youth byd proue.
Such remedies as ſoone ſhall quenche
the flames of Cupids fyre,
Suche remedies as ſhall delaye,
the Rage of fonde Deſyre.

For

Sexta.

For *Fauſtus* yf thou folow ſtyll,
the blynded God to pleaſe,
And wylt not ſeke, by Reaſons Rule,
to purchaſe thyne owne eaſe,
Long canſt thou not thy frends enioy
but byd them all farewell.
And leaue thy lyfe, and giue thy ſoule
to depeſt ſluds of Hell.
Leaue of therfore, betymes and let
Affection beare no ſwaye,
And now at fyrſt the fyre quench
before it further fraye,
Eche thyng is eaſely made to obaye,
whyle it is yong and grene,
The tender twyg, that now doth bend
at length refuſeth cleane.
The feruent fyre, that flamyng fyrſt,
may lytell water drenche,
When as it hath obtayned tyme,
whole Ryuers can not quenche:
Forſake the Town, (my *Fauſtus* deare)
and dwell, vpon this playne,
And tyme ſhall heale, thy feſtryng
& Abſence banyſh Payne. (woũd

Egloga

Aboue all thynges fly Idlenes,
for this doth dowble strength,
To Louers flams, & makes thē rage,
tyl all be lost at length,
Here in thes felds, are pleasant things
to occuppe thy brayn,
Be hold: how spryng reuyues agayn,
that winter late had slayne,
Behold: the pleasaunt Hylles adournd,
with dyuers colours fayre,
Geue eare to *Scillas* lusty songes,
reioysynge in the ayr,
What pleasure cāst thou more desyre,
then here is for to se:
Thy lusty yewes, with manya lam,
Lo: whear they wayt on the,
Thynke not vpon that cursed face,
that makes the thus her slaue
But well regard the pleasaunt lyfe,
that here thou seest me haue,
Whan I long tyme a go, did feale,
the flames of *Cupids* fyre,
These meanes Lo than I practised,
to cure my fond desyre.

ſexta.

I fyrſt wayed with my ſelfe,
How fond a thyng it ſeamd,
To let my heart lye there in chaynes,
where I was nought eſteamd.
And how with flames I burnt for her,
that paſſed nought for me,
And how, theſe eyes encreaſt my har-
that fyrſt her face did ſe, (mes
With penſyfe heart full fraight with
I fled frō thence away, (thoughts,
And though that Loue had tourne my
yet wold I neuer ſtay, (ſteppes,
But from that foule infectyue ayer,
wher firſt I tooke my ſore,
I hyed in haſt, and ſhund the place,
to ſe for euer more.
Eache letter that I had receyued
from her, I caſt away,
And tokens all, I threw them down,
to my no ſmall dyſmay.
Then buſyed I my ſelfe in thyngs
that myght me moſte delyght,
And ſought the chiefſt means I could,
to helpe my weryed ſpryght.

Somtyme

Egloga

Somtyme I wold behold the fyelde,
and hylles that thou dosse se,
Somtime I wold betraye the Byrde,
that lyght on lymed tree,
Especially in Shepstare tyme,
when thicke in flocks they flye,
One wold I take, and to her Leg,
a lymed Lyne wold tye,
And where y flock flew thickest, there
I wold her cast awaye,
She strayght vnto the rest wold hye,
amongst her Mates to playe.
And prcasyng in the mydsse of them,
with Lyne and Lyme, and all,
With cleuyng lyngs, entangled fast
they downe togyther fall.
Somtyme I wold the lytel Fysh:
with bayted Hooke begnyle:
Somtyme the craftye Fox I wold,
decepue for all his wyle:
Somtyme the Wolfe, I wold pursue,
somtyme the fomyng Boore:
And whan with labour all the daye,
my wery ed Lyms were soore.

Than

ſexta.

Thã reſt & ſlepe I ſtraightway ſought
no Dreames dyd me afraye:
Tormented nought with care, I paſt
the lyngryng nyght awaye.
And thus I cleane forgot: in tyme,
the dotyng Dayes I ſawe,
And freed my ſelf, to my great Ioye,
from Yoke of Louers Lawe.
Yore of this ſame, I wyll the tell,
the nert tyme here we mete,
And ſtrõger Medycines wyll I gyue,
to purge that Uenym ſwete.
Beholde the Daye is ſlypt awaye,
and Starres do faſt appeare,
Loe where *Calicto* Virgin ones,
doth ſhyne in Skies ſo cleare.
Loe where olde *Cepheus* walks about,
with twynyng Serpent bye,
We wyll no lenger heare abyde,
But hence wyll homwarde hye.

Finis Egloga ſextæ.

Egloga septima.

Siluanus. Sirenus. Seluagia.

S*Irenus* Shephard good and thou,
that hast yll lucke in loue,
The cause of al my hurt by whom
my sutes could neuer proue.
God neuer let that I shuld seeke,
to be reuenged of the,
For whan I might haue ben with ease,
yet wold not sufferme.
The Loue that I *Duerda* bare,
on the to showe my Spyte:
On the in whom my Ladye fayre,
had once her whole delyght,
If thy myshaps do not me greue,
my mischiefes neuer ende,
Thynke not *sirenus* that bycause,
Diana was thy frend,
I beare the worser wyl assure thy self
so base my loue neuer semde
That onely I shuld fauour her.
but all that she estemde.

Egloga

Siren. Thou eyther art *siluanus* borne,
Example for to gyue,
To vs that know not how,
whan Fortune frownes to lyue,
Or els hath Nature placed in the
so strong and stoute a mynde.
Suffysynge not, thyne yls alone
to beare, but meanes to fynde.
That may the Grefes of others help,
Ise thou art so bent,
That Fortune can the not amase,
for all her mysceifes ment,
I prompys the *siluanus* heare,
tyme playne in the doth show,
How dayly she discouers things,
that erst dyd men not know.
I can not beare the Gryefes I feale-
my force is all to faynt,
I neuer could as thou canst fcynt,
the teares of my complaynt.
Diana hath procured the paynes,
that I shall neuer ende,
When fyrst she falst her troth to me,
she kyld a faythfull frende.

Sexta.

Siluan.

I meruayle how she could so soone,
put the out of her mind,
I well remembre synce thou wentst e
alone I dyd her synd.
In place that sorow semde to shape,
where no man stood her nye,
But onely (I vnhappy wretche,)
that herd her wofull crye,
And this with teares alowde she sayd,
O wretche in yll tyme borne.
What chaūce hast thou? that thus thou
Sirenus swete sorlorne. (hast
Gyue ouer pleasures now,
Let neuer Ioye the please,
Seke all the cruell meanes thou canst
that may thy hart dysease.
What thou doste hym forget I wysh,
all mischifes on the lyght,
And after death, the Fendes of Hell,
torment thy lyuyng spyght.
What man wold here beleue? *Siren.*
that she that thus could speake,
In so shorte tyme as I haue bene
awaye. wolde promys breake.

Egloga

O ſtedfaſtnes and Conſtancy,
how ſeldome are you founde:
In womens harts to haue your ſeats,
Or long abyding ground?
Who looke how much more earneſt.
at fyrſt theyr hearts do ſet, (they,
So much more ſooner euer more,
where late they loued, forget:
Full well could euer I beleue-
all women gylty of this:
Saue her alone, in whom I iudge,
neuer nature wrought amis:
But ſins her marryage how ſhe ſpeeds
Siluanus I pray the tell?
Siluan. Some ſay ſhe lykes it very ill,
and I beleue it well:
For *Delius* he that hath her now,
although he welthy be,
Is but a lout and hath in hym,
no hanſome qualytie:
For as for all, ſuche thynges wherin,
we Shepeheardes haue delyght,
As in Quaiting, Leaping, Singing or
to ſound a Bagpype ryght:

In

Septima

In all theſe thinges he is but an Aſſe,
and nothynge do he can,
They ſaye tys qualities but tuſh,
Its ryches makes a man:
What woman is that ẏ cõmeth here, *Siren.*
Siluanus canſt thou tell?
Its one hath ſped as well in Loue, *Siluan.*
as we, I knowe her well:
She is one of fayre *Guerdas* frendes,
who keeps her beaſts below,
Not far from hence bi her thou maiſt,
Diauas State wel know.
She loued hear a Shepheard cald,
Alanius longe a go:
Who fauers one *Ysmenia* now,
the cauſe of al her wo:
No place ſo fyt for the as this, *Silua.*
Lo heare *Siluanus* ſtands,
Who hath receaued lyke luck to thine
at cruel Fortunes hands,
This company beſemes the well,
Fayr Shepheards both good deane,
To the *Seluagina* ebe of Hope, *Silua.*
whom Loue hath ſpoyled cleane:

Egloga

A thousande better dayes I wysh,
than thou hast had before,
Seluag. At length may better Fortune fall,
For worse can not be more.
To truste the fayned words of men,
Loe, thus poore womens speeds,
Siluan. And men do smarte not through your
but your vnconstant deeds. (words
For you whan earnestlyest you loue,
no thyng can chaunce so lyght.
But yf a toye com in your Brayne,
your mynde is altered quyght.
If we but ones, absent our selues,
the shortest tyme we maye,
So muche vnconstant is your minds
Loue soreth strayght awaye,
Example take *Sirenus* here,
whom once *Diana* lovd,
As all we know, and looke how soone
her mynd is now removd:
No, no, there is not one of you,
that constant can remayne:
Siluag. You iudge but of malicious hart,
and of a Jalouse brayne.

All

Septima.

All thyngs you do your ſelues eſteme,
and men muſt beare no blame.
Of your diſſemblyng noughty deeds,
we women beare the ſhame.
ſayze Dameſell yf you can perceyue *Siren.*
Siluanus true doth ſaye
There is not one amongſt you all,
but doth from reaſon ſtraye.
What is the cauſe that women thus?
in theyr vnconſtancye,
Do caſt a man from hyeſt hap,
to deepeſt myſerye?
Its nothyng els, I you aſſure,
but that you know not well,
What thing is loue, & what you haue,
in hand you can not tell.
Your ſymple wyts are all to weake,
Unfayned loue to know,
And therof doth forgetfulnes,
in you ſo ſhortly grow.
Sirenus iudge not ſo of vs, *Seluag.*
our wyts be not ſo baſe,
But that we know as well as you,
whats what in euery caſe.

And

And women eke, there are ynow
that could yf they were brought
Teache men to lyue, & more to loue,
yf loue myght well be tought,
And for all this, yet do I thynke,
no thyng can worſer be.
Than womens ſtate it is the worſt,
I thynke of eche degree.
For yf they ſhow but gentle words
you thynke for loue they dye.
And yf they ſpeake not when you liſt,
than ſtrayght you ſay, they are hye.
And that they ar, diſdainfull Dames,
and yf they chaunce to talke.
Thā cownt you thē for chatring Pies
whoſe tongs muſt alwayes walke.
And yf perhaps they do forbeare,
and Sylence chaunce to keepe,
Than tuſh, ſhe is not for company,
ſhe is but a ſymple sheepe.
And yf they beare good wyll to one,
thē ſtrayght they are iudged nought
And yf yll name to ſhun they leaue,
Unconſtant they are thought.

Who

Septima.

Who nowe can pleaſe theſe Jalouſe
the faute is all in you, (heads,
For women neuer wold chaũge theyr
yf men wold ſtyll be true, (minds
To this, I well could anſwere you, *Siren.*
but tyme doth byd me ſtaye,
And women muſt the laſt worde haue
no man may ſay them naye.
Paſſe ouer this, and let vs here,
what lucke you haue had in loue,
And ſhowe yf euer loue of man,
your conſtaunt hart could moue.
No fytter place can be than this,
here maye you ſafely reſt,
Thus ſyttyng here, declare at large,
the ſecretes of your breſt.
Naye: lenger here we maye not byde, *Siluag.*
but home we muſt alwaye,
Loe how the Son denies his Beames
depriuyng vs of daye.

Finis Egloge ſeptime.

Egloga octaua.

Coridon. *Cornix.*

NOw ragethe *Titan* fyerce aboue
his Beames on earth do beate.
Whose hote reflection, maks vs
an ouer feruent heate: (feale
With fyery Dog, he forward flames
hote Agues vp he dryues: (blud
And sends them downe, with boylyng
to shorten Mysers lyues.
Loe, how the beasts, lyes vnder trees
how all thyng seekes the shade,
O blessed God, that some defence,
for euery hurte hast made,
Beholde this pleasaunte Brodeleaued
& springing foũtain cleare, (Beech
Heare shade ynough, here water cold
com *Cornix* rest we here,
And let vs songs begyn to syng,
our purs and harts be lyght.
We fere not we, the tomblyng world
we breake no sleaps by nyght.

Both

octaua.

Both place and tyme my *Coridon* exhorteth me to synge,
Not of the wretched Louers lyues,
but of the immortall kynge.
Who gyues vs pasture for our beastes
and blesseth our encrease:
By whom, while other cark and toyle
we lyue at home with ease.
Who keepes vs down, from climyng
wher honour breeds debate, (hye
And here hath graunted vs to lyue
in symple Shephards state,
A lyfe that sure doth fare exceade,
eche other kynd of lyfe:
O happy state, that doth content,
How farre be we from stryfe?
Of hym therfore, me lyst to synge,
and of no wanton toyes,
For hym to loue, and hym to prayse,
surmounts all other Joyes.
O Shephards leaue *Cupidoes* Camp,
the ende wherof is vyle,
Remoue Dame *Venus* from your eies
and harken here a whyle.

Cornix:

A God

Egloga

A God there is, that guyds the Globe,
and framde the fyckle Spheare,
And placed hath, the Starres aboue,
that we do gaſe on here,
By who we lyue, (vnthãkful beaſts)
by whom we haue our health,
By whom we gayne our happy ſtates
by whom we get our wealth.
A God: that ſends vs that we nede,
a God: that vs defends.
A God: from whom the Angels hye,
on mortall men attends.
A God: of ſuche a Clemencie,
that who ſo hym doth loue
Shall here be ſure to reſt a whyle,
and alwayes reſt aboue.
But we, for hym do lytell care,
His Heaſts we nought eſteme,
But hunt for thyngs that he doth hate
moſt pleaſaunt thoſe do ſeme,
(Vnthankfull myſers) what do we?
what meane we thus to ſtraye?
From ſuche a God, ſo mercyfull,
to walke a worſer waye?

Waye

octaua.

Haue nought his benefyts procure?
haue nought his mercyes moue?
Haue nothynge bynde, but nedes we
gyue hate to hym for loue? (muſt?
O happy(ten tymes)is the man,
(a Byrde full rare to fynde)
That loueth God with all his hart,
and kepes his lawes in mynde.
He ſhalbe bleſt in all his works,
and ſafe in euery tyme,
He ſhall ſwete quietnes enioye,
whyle other ſmarte for Cryme.
The threatnyng thaũces of the world
ſhall neuer hym annoye,
Whẽ Fortune frowns on fooliſh men
he ſhalbe ſure to ioye.
For why? the Aungels of the Lorde,
ſhall hym defende alwayes,
And ſet hym free, at euery harmes,
and hurts at all aſſayes.
Euen he that kept the Prophet ſafe, *Dauid.*
from mouthes of Lyons wylde,
And he that once preſerued in flags, *Moſes.*
the ſely ſuckyng Chylde,

The

Egloga

Elias. The God that fed, by Rauens Byll,
the Teacher of his worde,
Shall tym (no doubt) in safetie kepe,
from Famyn, Fyre, and Sworde.
Not he, whom Poets old haue faynd,
to lyue in Heauen hye,
Iupiter. Em bracyng Boyes: (O fylthy thyng)
in beastly Lecherye.
Iuno. Nor *Iune* she: (that wrinkled Jade,)
that Quene of Skyes is calde,
Saturn. Nor soleyn *Saturn* Churlysh Chuffe,
with Scalpe of Cancre bald.
Mars. Nor fumyng Foole, with syery face,
that moues the fyghters mynd.
Venus. Nor Venus she: (that wanton wench)
Cupido. that guyds the Shoter blynd.
Can the defende: as God wyll do,
for they were synfull fooles,
Homerus. Whō fyrst ẏ blynd hye wytted Greks
brought in to wyse mens Scooles.
No none of these, but God alone,
ought worship for to haue,
For they for all theyr Honour ones,
rest ye tin stynkyng Graue.

Here

octaua.

Yeare haſt thou heard, the happy ſtate
of them that lyue in feare,
Of God & loue hym beſt: now lyſt,
his foes reward to heare.
And fyrſt knowe thou that euery man,
that from this God doth goe,
And folowes luſt, hym he acountes,
to be his deadly foe,
This myghty kyng of whom we talk,
as he is mercyfull,
And ſuffers long, reuengyng ſlow,
So when we be thus dull,
That we wyl not perceaue in tyme,
the goodnes of his grace,
His fauour ſtraight, he doth withdraw
and tournes a way his face.
And to him ſelfe then doth he ſay,
Yow long ſhall I permit
Theſe ſtubburne beaſtes, for to rebell:
and ſhall I loue them yet,
That hate me thus: or haue I nede
theyr louynge mynds to craue:
I aſke nomore but onely loue,
and that I can not haue.

Egloga

Well, wel, I wil not care for them,
that thus do me dyſpyſe,
Let them go lyue, euen as they lyſt,
I turne awaye myne eyes.
When God hath thus ſayd to him ſelf,
Then doth the braynleſſe foole,
Caſt Bridle of, and out he runnes,
neglectynge vertues Scoole,
Then doth the Deuyl geue him lyne,
and let him rune at large,
And Pleaſure makes his Mariner,
to rowe in vyces Barge,
Then vp the Sayles of wilfulnes,
he hoyſes hie in haſt,
And fond Affection blowes hym forth,
a wynd that *Pluto* plaſt,
Then cuttes he ſwyft, the ſeas of ſin,
and through the Chanell deape,
With Joyful mynd, he fleets a pace,
whom Pleaſure bryngs a ſleape,
Then who ſo happy thinks hym ſelfe?
who dreames of ioy but he?
Tuſh, tuſh, ſayth he: to thynk of God,
Inage ſuffiſethme,

Now

octaua.

Now wil I paſſe my pleaſaunt youth,
Such toyes becomes this age,
And God ſhall followe me ſayth he,
I wyll not be his page,
I wyll be prowd, and looke a loft,
I wyll my body decke,
With coſtly clothes, a boue my ſtate
who then dare gyue me cheeke?
Garments ſom time, ſo gard a knaue, *Coridon.*
that he dare mate a Knyght,
Yet haue I ſene a *Nec* in hemp,
For Checking often lyght.
The Peacocks plume ſhal not me pas *Cornix.*
that nature finely framde
For coulord ſylkes ſhal ſet me fourth,
that nature ſhalbe ſhamde,
My Sworde ſhal get me valiant fame,
I wyll be *Mars* out ryght,
And *Mars* you knowe, muſt *Venus* haue,
to recreate his ſpryght.
I wyll oppreſſe the ſymple knaue,
ſhall Saues be ſawſy now?
Nay: I wyll teache the nedy Dogges,
with Cappe to crowche, & bow.

 Thus

Egloga

Thus fareth he, and thus he lyues,
no whyt eſtemyng God,
In health, in ioy, and luſtynes,
free from the ſmartyng Rod,
But in the midſt of all his myrth,
whyle he ſuſpecteth leaſt,
His happy chaunce, begyns to change
and eke his fleetynge feaſt,
For death (that old deuourynge Wolf)
whom goodmen nothyng feare,
Comes ſaylyng faſt, in Galley blacke,
and whan he ſpyes hym neare.
Doth boorde hym ſtrayght, & grapels faſt
and than begyns the fyght.
In ryot leaps, as Captayne chiefe,
and from the Maynmaſt ryght,
He downward com , and ſurſet than
aſſayleth by and by,
Then vyle diſeaſes forward thoues,
with paynes and gryefe therby,
Lyfe ſtands aloft, and fyghteth hard,
but pleaſure all agaſte.
Doth leaue his ore, and out he flyes
then death approcheth faſt.

And

octaua.

And glues the charge ſo ſore, ỳ needs
must lyfe begyn to flye,
The farewell all. The wretched man
with Caryen Corſe doth lye,
Who Deth hymſelf ſpngs ouer bord,
amyd the Seas of ſyn,
The place wher late, he ſwetly ſwam
now lyes he drowned in.
Contynuall torment hym awaytes,
(a Monſter vyle to tell)
That was begot of Due Deſert,
and raygneth now in Hell,
With gredy mouth he alwayes feeds
vpon the Syndrowned ſoule,
Whoſe gredy Pawes, do neuer ceas,
in ſynfull fluds to prowle.
Loe. This the ende, of euery ſuche
as here lyues luſtylye
Neglectyng God thou ſeeſt. in vyce,
to lyue. in ſyn do dye.
What ſhuld I ſpeke of al theyr harms
that happens them in lyfe? (blud
Theyr Cõſcience prickt, theyr barren
theyr toyle, theyr griefe, theyr ſtryfe,

With

Egloga

With miſchiefes heaped many a one,
which they do neuer trye,
That Loue & feare the myghty God,
that rules and raynes on hye,
To long it weare, to make diſcourſe,
and *Phebus* downe deſcends,
And in the Clowdes his beames doth hyde
which tempeſt ſure portends,
Looke how the beaſtes begin to fling,
and caſt theyr heades on hye,
The Hearonſhew mounteth aboue the clouds
ẏ Crowes ech wher do cry (
All this ſhowes rayn, tyme byds vs go
com *Coridon* alwaye,
Take vp thy Staffe, fetch i thy beaſts
let vs go whyle we maye.

Coridon: *Cornix* agreed, go thou before,
yon curſed Bull of myne
I muſt go dryue: he neuer bydes,
among my fathers kyne.

Finis Egluge octaue.

Epytaphes.

¶An Epytaphe of the Lorde Sheffeldes death.

When Brutyſh broyle, and rage of in Clownyſh harts began (war
When Tigres ſtoute, in Tãners vnmuſled all they ran, (bonde
The Noble Sheffeyld Lord by byrth and of a courage good,
By clubbiſh hãds, of crabbed Clowns there ſpent his Noble blud.
His noble byrth auayled not, his honor all was vayne,
Amyd the preaſe, of Maſtye Curres, the valyant Lorde was ſlayne.
And after ſuche a ſorte (O ruth,) that who can teares ſuppreſſe.
To thynke ỹ Dunghyll Dogs ſhuld the floure of worthynes. (daynt
Whyle as the rauenyng Wolues be his gylteles lyfe to ſaue. (prayed
A bludy Butcher byg and blunt, a vyle vnweldy knaue

Epytaphes.

With beaſtly blow of boyſterous byll
at hym(O Lorde)let dryue,
And cleſte his head,and ſayd therwith
ſhalt thou be lefte alyue?
O Lorde that I had preſent ben,
and Hectors force withall,
Before that from his Carlyſh hands,
the cruell Byll dyd fall.
Then ſhulde that peaſaunt vyle haue
the clap vpon his Crowne, (felt
That ſhuld haue dazed his dogged hart
from dryuyng Lordes adowne.
Then ſhuld my hands haue ſaued thy
good Lord whō deare I loued (lyfe
Then ſhuld my hart in doutfull caſe,
full well to the ben proued,
But all in vayne thy death I wayle,
thy Corps in earth doth lye.
Thy kyng and Countrey for to ſerue
thou dydſte not feare to dye.
Farewel good Lord,thy deth bewayle
all ſuche as well the knewe,
And euerye man laments thy caſe:
and Cooge thy death doth rewe.

An

Epytaphes.

¶ An Epytaphe of M. Shelley slayne at Musselbroughe.

VUan Mars had moued mortall
and forced sumysh heate (hate
And hye *Bellona* had decreed,
to syt with Sworde in Seate,
The Scottes vntrue with fyghtynge
theyr promys to denye, (hande.
Assembled fast, & England thought,
the trothe with them to trye.
Chose *Muselebroughe* theyr fyghtynge
amyd those barrayne fyelds (place
Theyr breche of fayth, there not to try
with trothe, but trotheles Shyeldes
In battayle braue, and Armye strong
Encamped soore they laye,
Ten Scottes to one (a dredeful thyng
a dolfull fyghtyng daye.)
That Englysh men were all agaste,
with quakyng staues in hande.
To se theyr enemyes lye so neare,
and death with them to stande.

Epytaphes.

No other remedye there was,
but fyght it out or flye.
And who ſhuld fyrſt the Onſet gyue,
was ſure therin to dye.
Thus al diſmayde, and wrapt in feare
with doutfull mynde they ſtande,
If beſt it be, with fyght of foote,
to ſtryue or fyght of hande.
Tyll at the length, a Captayn ſtoute,
with hawtye mynde gan ſpeake.
O Cowards all, and maydly men
of Courage faynt and weake,
Unworthye com of Brutus race,
is this your manhode gon,
And is there none you Daſtardes all,
that dare them ſet vpon.
Then Shelley all inflamed with heate
with heate of valyaunt mynde,
No Cowardes we, nor maydly men,
ne yet of Daſtards kynde,
I wold you wyſte dyd euer com,
but dare be bolde to trye,
Our manhode heare, thoughe nought
but deth to all mens eye (appeare

And

Epytaphes

And with theſe wordes (O noble hart)
no longer there he ſtayde,
But forth before them all he ſprang
as one no whyt diſmayed
With charged ſtaffe on fomyng horſe
his Spurres with heeles he ſtrykes,
And forewarde ronnes with ſwyftye
among the mortall Pykes race,
And in this race with famous ende,
to do his Countrey good,
Gaue Onſet fyrſt vpon his foes,
and loſt his vitall blud.

¶ Finis.

¶ An Epytaphe of Maiſter Thomas Phayre.

THe hawtye verſe, ẏ *Maro* wrote
made Rome to wonder muche
And meruayle none for why the
and waightynes was ſuche, (Style

Epytaphes

That all men iudged *Parnaſſus* Mownt
had cleſte her ſelſe in twayne,
And brought forth one, that ſeemd to
from out *Mineruaes* brayne. (drop
But wonder more, maye Bryttayne
wher *Phayre* dyd flouriſh late, (great
And barreyne tong with ſwete accord
reduced to ſuche eſtate:
That *Virgils* verſe hath greater grace
in forrayne foote obtaynde,
Than in his own. who whilſt he lyued
eche other Poets ſtaynde.
The Noble H. *Hawarde* once,
that raught eternall fame,
With mighty Style, did bryng a pece
of *Virgils* worke in frame,
And *Grimaold* gaue the lyke attempt,
and *Douglas* wan the Ball,
whoſe famouſe wyt in Scottyſh ryme
had made an ende of all.
But all theſe ſame dyd *Phayre* excell,
I dare preſume to wryte,
As muche as doth *Appelloes* Beames,
the dymmeſt Starre in lyght.

The

Epytaphes

The enuyous fates(O pytie great,
had great diſdayne to ſe,
That vs amongſt there ſhuld remayn
ſo fyne a wyt as he,
And in the myddſt of all his toyle,
dyd forze hym hence to wende,
And leaue a Worke vnperfyt ſo,
that neuer man ſhall ende.

¶An Epytaphe of the Death of Nicolas Grimaold.

BEholde this fle-
tyng world how al things fade
Howe euery thyng
doth paſſe and weare awaye,
Eche ſtate of lyfe,
by comon courſe and trade,
Abydes no tyme,
but hath a paſſyng daye.
For looke as lyfe,
that pleaſaũt Dame hath brought,

Epytaphes.

Tht pelaſaunt yeares,
and dayes of luſtynes,
So Death our foe,
conſumeth all to nought,
Enuyeng theſe,
with Darte doth vs oppreſſe,
And that whiche is,
the greateſt gryfe of all,
The gredye Grype,
doth no eſtate reſpect,
But wher he comes,
he makes them down to fall,
Ne ſtayes he at,
the hie ſharpe wytted ſect.
For yf that wytt,
or worthy Eloquens,
Or learnyng deape,
coulde moue hym to forbeare,
O *Grimald* then,
thou hadſte not yet gon hence
But heare hadeſt lene,
full many an aged yeare.
Ne had the Mu=
ſes loſte ſo fyne a Floure,

For

Epytaphes.

For had *Miner*
ua wept to leaue the ſo,
If wyldome myght
haue fled the fatall howre,
Thou hadſte not yet
ben ſuffred for to go,
A thouſande doltyſh
Geeſe we myght haue ſparde,
A thouſande wytles
heads, death might haue found
And taken them,
for whom no man had carde,
And layde them lowe,
in deepe obliuious grounde,
But fortune fa-
uours fooles as old men ſaye
And lets them lyue,
and take the wyſe awaye.

Finis.

Sonettes.

¶ To Maiſter Alexander Nowell.

THe Muſes ſoye,
and well they may to ſe,
So well theyr la-
boure com to good ſucceſſe,
That they ſuſtay-
ned long agoe in the,
Minerua ſmyles,
Phebus can do no leſſe,
But ouer all,
they chyefly do reioyſe,
That leauyng thyngs,
which are but fond and vayne,
Thou dyddeſt chuſe,
(O good and happy choyſe)
In ſacred Scoles,
thy luckye yeares to trayne,
By whiche thou haſt
obtaynde(O happy thyng)
To learne to lyue,
whyle other wander wyde,

And

Sonettes.

And by thy lyfe,
to pleaſe the immortall kyng,
Then whiche ſo good,
nothyng can be applyed,
Lawe gyues the gayne,
and Phyſycke fyls the Purſe,
Promotions hye,
gyues Artes to many one,
But this is it,
by whiche we ſcape the Curſe,
And haue the blys
of God, when we be gone.
Is this but one-
ly Scriptures for to reade?
No, no. Not talke,
but lyfe gyues this in deade.

¶ To Doctor Bale.

GOod aged *Bale:*
that with thy hoary heares
Doſte yet perſyſte,
to turne the paynefull Booke,

Sonettes.

O happye man,
that haſt obtaynde ſuche yeares,
And leadſt not yet,
on Papers pale to looke,
Gyue ouer now
to beate thy weryed brayne,
And reſt thy Pen
that long hath laboured ſoore
For aged men
vnfyt ſure is ſuche paine,
And the beſeems
to laboure now no more,
But thou I thynke
Don Platoes part will playe
With Booke in hand,
to haue thy dyeng daye.

Finis.

To M. Edwarde Cobham.

DEde *Socrates*,
whoſe wyſdome dyd excell,
And paſt the reache,
of wyſeſt in his tyme,

Surmoun-

Surmounted all,
that on the earth dyd dwell,
That Craggye Hyls,
of vertue hye dyd clyme,
That *Socrates*,
my *Cobham* dyd allowe,
Eche man in youth,
hym ſelfe in Glaſſe to vew,
And wyld them oft,
to vſe the ſame, but how?
Not to delyght,
in forme of fadyng hew.
Nor to be proude
therof, as many be,
But for to ſtryue,
by beautie of the mynde,
For to adourne,
the beautie he doth ſe.
If warlyke forme,
Dame Nature hym aſſygnde,
By vertuous lyfe,
than coũtenaũce for to get,
That ſhall deface,
the fayreſt of them all,

Suche

Suche Beautie as
no age nor yeares wyll fret:
That flyes with fame,
whan fyckle forme doth fayle,
Thus muche I saye,
that here to the present,
Hy wordes a Glasse
for the to looke vpon.
To the whom God,
in tender yeares hath lent,
A towardenes,
that maye be mused vpon,
Suche towardenes,
as in more grauer yeares,
Doth sure a hope,
of greater thyngs pretende,
Thy noble mynde,
that to thy frendes appeare,
Doth showe the blud,
wherof thou dosse descende,
The gentlenes,
thou vsest vnto all suche,
As smallye haue
deserued good wyll of the,

Sonettes,

Doth ſhowe the grace,
thou haſt that ſure is muche,
As euer yet,
in any Idyoſe,
Thy wyt as rype,
as Nature well can gyue,
Declares a grea-
ter hope than all the reſt,
That ſhall remayne,
to the whilſt thou doſte lyue,
In deſperate yls,
a Medycyne euer preſt.
The good behauyour,
of thy ſelfe in place
Wherſoeuer that
thou chaunceſt for to lyght,
So much both beautie,
mynde and wyt doth grace
As well can be
requyred of any wyght.
What reſteth now?
but onely God to prayſe,
Of whom thou haſt
receaued theſe Gyftes of thyne,

So

Sonettes.

So ſhalt thou long,
lyue heare with happye dayes,
And after Death,
the ſtarrye Skyes ſhalt clyme.
Let noughtye men,
ſaye what they lyſt to the,
Trade thou thy ſelfe,
in ſeruyng hym aboue,
No ſweeter ſer=
uyce can deuyſed be,
Whom yf thou feareſt,
and faythfully doſte loue,
Be ſure no thyng,
on earth ſhall the annoye,
Be ſure he wyll,
the from eche harme defende,
Be ſure thou ſhalt,
long tyme thy lyfe enioye,
And after ma=
ny yeares to haue a bleſſed ende.

Finis.

Of

Sonettes.

¶ Of Edwardes of the Chappell.

DEuyne *Camenes*
that vñ your ſacred food,
Haue fed and fo=
ſterdeby from tender yeares,
A happye man,
that in your fauour ſtoode
Edwards in Courte
that can not ſynde his feares
Your names be bleſt,
that in this preſent age
So fyne a head,
by Arte haue framed out
Whom ſome hereaf=
ter helpt by Poets rage,
Perchaunce maye matche,
but none ſhall paſſe(no doubt)
O *Plautus* yf
thou wert alyue agayne,
That Comedies
ſo fynely dydſte endyte.

Sonettes.

O: *Terence* thou
that with thy pleſaunt brayne,
The hearers mynde
on ſtage dydſt much delyght.
What wold you ſay
fyrſt if you ſhould beholde,
As I haue done
the doyngs of this man:
No word at all,
to ſweare I durſt be bolde,
But burne with teares,
that which with myrth began,
I meane your bookes,
by which you gate your name.
To be forgot,
you wolde commit to flame.
Alas I wolde
Edwards more tell thy prayſe,
But at thy name
my muſe amaſed ſtayes.

Sonettes.

To L. Blundeſton.

SOme men be coun-
ted wyſe that well can talke:
And ſome becauſe
they can eche man begyle.
Some for becauſe
they know well cheſe from chalke,
And can be ſure,
weepe who ſo lyſt to ſmyle.
But (Blundeſton) hym
I call the wyſeſt wyght,
Whom God gyues grace
to rule affections ryght.

The Aunſwere of L. Blundeſton to the ſame.

AFfections ſeekes
hygh honours fraple eſtate,
Affections doth
the golden meane reproue.
Affections tourns
the frendly hart to hate,

Sonettes.

Affections breede
without diſcretion Loue,
Both wyſe and hap=
pye (*Googe*) he maye be hyght,
Whom God gyues grace,
to rule affections ryght.

¶ To Alexander Neuell.

The lytell fyſh,
that in the ſtreme doth fleet
With brode forth ſtret=
ched fyns for his diſporte
When as he ſpyes,
the fyſſhes bayte ſo ſwete,
In haſte he hyes,
fearynge to com to ſhorte,
But all to ſoone
(alas) his gredy mynde,
By rath attempt,
doth bryng hym to his bane,
for where he thought
a great relefe to fynde,

Sonettes.

By hydden hooke,
the ſymple fole is tane.
So fareth man,
that wanders here and theare,
Thynkyng no hurt
to happen hym therbye,
Ye ronnes amayne,
to gaſe on Beauties cheare,
Takes all for golde
that glyſters in the eye,
And neuer leaues
to feade by lookyng long,
On Beauties Bayte,
where Bondage lyes enwrapt,
Bondage that makes
hym ſynge an other ſong,
And makes hym curſe
the bayte that hym entrapte.
Newell to the,
that loueſt their wanton lookes,
Feade on the bayte,
but yet beware the Hookes.

Sonettes.

Alexander Neuells Anſwere to the ſame.

IT is not curſed *Cupids* Dart:
Nor *Venus* cancred Spyght,
It is not vengeance of the Gods
That wretched harts doth ſmyght,
With reſtleſſe rage of carefull Loue.
No, No, thy force alone
Affection fond, doth ſpy theſe flames.
Thou cauſeſt vs to mone
And waile, & curs our wretched ſtats.
Our thyrſe vnhappy plights,
Our ſighes, & powdred ſobs & teares,
Our greuous gronyng Sprights,
Thy hateful Malice doth procure:
O fancye flamyng feend
Of Hel. For thou in outwarde ſhape,
And colour of a frende
Doſt by thy Snares & flymed Hooks
entrap the wounded Harts:.
From whence theſe Hellike torments
& euer greauyng Smarts. (ſpryng,
Whence

Sonettes

Whence Gripe of minde, wt chaunged
Whēce fate beſmeard wt teares. (chere
Whēce thouſād miſchiefs more, wher
ſuche Gylers liues outweares. (wt
Our gaſpyng eyes on Bewties bayt
do worke our endles bane.
Our eyes I ſay doo worke our woo,
Our eyes procure our paine.
Theſe are the Traps to vered mynds
Here Gyns and Snares do lye.
Here fyre & flames by fancie framde,
In breſt doo broyle and frye.
O *Cooge* the Bayte ſone eſpyed is,
Soone vewd their wanton lookes.
Wheron to feede, and yet to ſhun,
The priuy lurkyng hookes. (is
Their pain, Their toile, Their labour
There There lyes endles ſtrife.
O happye than that man account,
Whoſe well directed Lyfe
Can ſly thoſe yls, which fancy ſtirs,
And lyue from Bondage free.
A *Phœnix* rycht on yearth (no doubte)
A Byrde full rare to ſee.

¶ To

Sonettes

¶ To M. Henrye Cobham of the moſt bleſſed ſtate of Lyfe.

The happyeſt lyfe
that here we haue,
My *Cobham* yf
I ſhall deſyne,
The goodlyeſt ſtate,
twyxte byrth and graue,
Moſt gracious
dayes and ſweteſt tyme.
The fayreſt face,
of fadynge Lyfe,
Race ryghtlyeſt ronne,
in ruthfull wayes,
The ſafeſt meanes
to ſhun all ſtryfe:
The ſureſt Staffe,
in fyckle Dayes:
I take not I
as ſome do take,
To gape and gawne,
for Honoures hye,

But

Sonettes.

But Court and
Ceyſer to forſake,
And lyue at home,
full quyetlye,
I well do mynde,
what he once ſayde,
Who bad, Courte not
in any caſe,
For Vertue is,
in Courtes decayed,
And Vyce with States,
hath chyefeſt place,
Not Courte but Countreye
I do iudge,
Is it wheare lyes,
the happyeſt lyfe,
In Countreye growes,
no gratynge grudge,
In Countreye ſtandes
not ſturdye ſtryfe,
In Countreye,
Bacchus hath no place,
In Countreye
Venus hath defecte,

Sonettes.

In Countreye
Thraſo hath no grace,
In Countreye
ſelue of *Gnatoes* Secte.
But theſe ſame foure
and many moe,
In Courte,
thou ſhalt be ſure to fynde,
For they haue bowed,
not thence to goe,
Bycauſe in Courte,
dwels ydle mynde.
In Countreye
mayſte thou ſafelye reſt,
And flye all theſe,
yf that thou lyſte,
The Countrey therfore,
iudge I beſt,
Where godly lyfe,
doth byde reſpite,
Where vertuous
exercyſe with ioye,
Doth ſpende the yeares
that are to run,

Where

Sonettes.

Where Vyces fewe,
maye the annoye,
This lyfe is beſt
whan all is done.

¶ To Alexander Neuell of the bleſſed Sate of him that feeles not the force of Cupids flames.

AS ofte as I
remembre with my ſelf,
The fancies fonde,
that flame by foolyſh Loue,
And marke the furyes
fell, the blynded elfe
And Venus ſhe
that raynes ſo ſore aboue,
As ofte as I
do ſe the wofull ſtate,
Of Louers all,
and eake their myſerye,
The ones deſy-
ryng mynde the others hate,

Trothe

Sonettes.

Trothe with the one,
with the other Trecherye,
So ofte ſaye I,
that bleſſed is the wyght,
Yea *Neuell* bleſt,
and double bleſt agayne,
That can by rea=
ſon rule his mynde a ryght,
And take ſuche foo=
lyſh fadynge toyes for vayne.

Alexander Neuells Awn ſwere to the ſame.

The plũged mind in fluds of griefs
The Sences drowned quyght,
The Hart oppreſt. The fleſh con-
The chaũged ſtate outright. (ſumed
The Body dryed by broylyng blaſe,
Of preuy ſchorchyng flame.
The doulfull face. The countnauce ſad
The drowping Courage tame.
The Scaldyng ſyghes. The greuous
The burning rage of fyre (groones

The

Sonettes,

The ernest sute, The fruitles Toyle.
The deepe and hot Desyre,
The Braynes quight brusd & crusht wt
The euer duryng soore. (Cares.
The very paynes of Hell it self,
with thousande mischyefes moore,
Which wounded Harts enflamd with
with Gryefe do ouerflow, (Loue
And works theyr endles plage & spight
Tyll Death from thence do growe.
All these conclude him blest (my *Googe*)
and trible blest agayne,
That taught bi tract of Time can take
Such fadyng Toyes for vayne.

¶ To Maystresse A.

Synce I so long haue lyved in pain
and burnt for loue of the,
(O cruel hart) doste thou no more
esteame the Loue of me,
Regardst thou not, the health of hym?
that the, aboue the rest

Of

Sonettes.

Of Creatures all, and next to God,
hath deareſt in his breſt.
Is pytie placed from the ſo farre
is gentlenes exylde?
Haſt thou ben foſtred in the Caues,
of Wolues or Lyons wylde?
Haſt thou ben ſo? why then no force,
the leſſe I meruayle I,
Suche as the Dãme, ſuche is the yong
experyence trewe doth trye.
Syth thou art of ſo fyerce a mynde,
why dyd not God then place
In the, with ſuche a Tygers harte,
a fowle yll fauerde face?
Sure for no other ende but that,
he lykes no Louers trade,
And the therfore a ragynge fende,
an Angels face hathe made.
Suche one as thou, was *Gorgon* ones
as auncient Poets tell,
Who with her Beautie mazed men,
and nowe doth raygne in Hell.
But mercye yet, of the I craue,
yf ought in the remayne,

And

Sonettes,

And let me not ſo long the force,
of flamyng fyre ſuſtayne,
Let pytie ioynde with beautie be,
ſo ſhall I not diſdayne.
My blud, my hart, my lyfe to ſpende
with toyle, with ſtryfe, and payne,
To do the good, my breath to looſe,
yf nede ſhall ſo requyre,
But for my ſeruice and my paynes
thou gyueſt me hate for hyre.
Well now take this for ende of all,
I loue and thou doſte hate,
Thou lyueſt in pleaſures happely.
and I in wretched ſtate.
Paynes can not laſt for euermore,
but tyme and ende wyll trye,
And tyme ſhall tell me in my age,
How youth led me awrye.
Thy face that me tormented ſo,
in tyme ſhall ſure decaye,
And all that I do lyke or loue,
ſhall vanyſh quyte alwaye,
Thy face in tyme ſhall wrynckled be,
at whiche I ſhall be glad,

To

Sonettes.

To ſee thy forme transformed thus,
that made me once ſo ſad,
Than ſhall I blame my foly moch
and thanke the mightyeſt kyng
That hath me ſaued tyll ſuch a daye,
to ſe ſo fonde a thyng.
And tyll that tyme I wyll keepe cloſe
my flames and let them blaſe,
All ſecretly within my breſt,
no man on me ſhall gaſe.
I wyll not treſpaſſe ſynfully,
for God ſhall geue me grace
To ſe the tyme wherin I ſhall
neglecte thy folyſh face,
And tyll that tyme adieu to thee,
God keepe thee far from me,
And ſende thee in that place to dwell,
that I ſhall neuer ſee.

Sonettes.

¶ To George Holmeden of a ronnynge Heade.

THe greateſt byce
that happens vnto men,
And yet a byce,
that many comon haue,
As auncient Wryters
waye with ſobre Pen,
Who gaue theyr doome,
by force of wyſdom graue,
The ſoreſt mayme,
the greateſt euyll ſure,
The byleſt plague
that Students can ſuſtayne,
And that whiche moſte
doth ygnoraunce procure.
Wy *Holmeden* is
to haue a ronnyng Wrayne,
For who is he
that leades more reſtles lyfe,
Or who can euer
lyue more yll beſtead?

Sonettes.

In fyne who lyues,
in greater Care and ſtryfe,
Then he that hath,
ſuche an vnſtedfaſt hedde:
But what is this?
me thynkes I heare the ſay,
Phyſition take,
thyne owne diſeaſe away.

¶ To the Tranſlation of Pallingen.

THe labour ſwete,
that I ſuſtaynde in the,
(O *Pallingen*)
when I tooke Pen in hande,
Doth greue me now,
as ofte as I the ſe,
But halfe hewd out,
before myne eyes to ſtande,
For I muſt needes
(no helpe) a whyle go toyle,
In Studyes, that
no kynde of muſe delyght.

And

And put my Plow,
In groſſe vntylled ſoyle,
And labour thus,
With ouer weryed Spryght,
But yf that God
do graunt me greater yeares.
And take me not
from hence, before my tyme,
The Muſes nyne,
the pleaſaunt ſynging feares
Shall ſo enflame
my mynde with luſt to ryme,
That *Palingen*
I wyll not leaue thē ſo,
But fynyſh the
accordyng to my mynd.
And yf it be
my chaunce away to go,
Let ſome the ende,
that heare remayne behynde.

Sonettes.

¶ The Harte absent.

Swete muse tell me,
Wher is my hart becom.
For well I feele,
It is from hence a way,
My Sences all,
doth sorrow so benumme:
That absent thus,
I can not lyue a Day.
I know for troth,
there is a specyall Place,
Wher as it most,
desyreth for to bee:
For Oft it leaues,
me thus in Dolfull case,
And hether cõmes,
at length a gayne to me?
Woldest thou so fayne,
be tolde where is thy Harts
Sir Foole in place,
wher as it shuld not be:
Tyed vp so fast,
that it can neuer starte?

Tyll

Sonettes.

Tyll Wysdom get,
agayne thy Lybertye:
In place wher thou,
as safe maist dwel swet daw?
As may the harte,
ly by the Lyons paw:
And wher for thee,
as much be sure they passe:
As dyd the master,
ons for *Esops* Asse.

¶ To Alexander Neuell.

IF thou canst banish Idlenes, *Guid.*
Cupidoes Bowe is broke,
And well thou mayst dyspyse hys
clean void of flame & smoke (bronds
What moued the kynge *Agistus* ons,
to Loue with vyle excesse:
The cause at hād doth streight apeare
he lyued in Idlenes.

Finis. G.iii. The

Sonettes.

¶ The Aunſwere of A. Neuell to the ſame.

THe lack of labour mayms ẏ mind,
And wyt & Reaſon quyght exiles.
And Reaſon fled. flames fancy blind.
And fancy ſhe forthwith beguyles
The Senſles wight: that ſwiftly ſails
Through deepeſt fluds of vyle exces.
Thus vice aboũds. Thus vertu quails
By meanes of drowſy Idlenes.

¶ To Mayſtreſſe D.

FAyre from the hye *Cytherion* Hyll
nor from that Ladies throne
frõ whẽs flies forth ẏ winged boy
ẏ makes ſome ſore to grone.
But nearer hence this token coms,
from out the Dongeon deepe,
Where neuer Plutto yet dyd raygne
nor Proſerpyne dyd ſleepe.

Where

Sonettes

Wheras thy faithful Seruaunt liues.
whom duetie moues aryght,
To waple that he ſo long doth lacke,
his owne deare Mayſtres ſyght.

¶ Out of an olde Poet.

Fye fye, I lothe
to ſpeake wyth thou my luſt,
Compell me nowe,
to doo ſo foule an acte.
Nay rather Goo.
with flame conſume to duſt.
My carryon vyle,
then I perfourme this facte
Let rather thoughtes,
that long, haue werped me:
Or ſyckneſ ſuche
as fancy fonde hath brought,
O gapyng Hell,
dryne me now downe to the,
Let boylyng ſygbes,
conſume me all to nought.

Sonettes.

DAs muſynge as I ſat,
and Candle burnynge bye,
When all were huſht I myght
a ſymple ſelye flye. (diſcern
That flewe before myne eyes,
with free reioyſynge Hart,
And here & there, with wings did play
as voyde of payne and ſmart,
Somtyme by me ſhe ſat,
when ſhe had playde her fyll,
And euer when ſhe reſted had
aboute ſhe flyttered ſtyll.
When I percepud her well,
reioyſyng in her place,
O happy flye quoth I, and eake,
O woꝛme in happy caſe.
Whiche two of vs is beſt:
I that haue reaſon? no:
But thou that reaſon art without
and therwith voyde of woe.
I lyue and ſo doſte thou,
but I lyue all in payne,
And Subiect am to her alas,
that makes my Gꝛefe her gayne.

When

Sonettes.

When I do heare thy name,
alas my hart doth ryſe:
And ſeekes fourthwith to ſe the
that moſt contẽtes myne eys. (ſaiue
But when I ſe thy Face,
that hath procured my payne,
Then boyles my blud in euery part,
and beates in euery vayne:
Thy voice when I do heare,
then collour comes and goes,
Some tyme as pale as Earth I looke,
ſome tyme as red as Roſe.
If thy ſweete Face do ſmyle,
then who ſo well as I:
If thou but caſt a ſcornefull looke,
then out alas I dye.
But ſtyll I lyue in payne,
my fortune wylleth ſo,
That I ſhuld burne & thou yet know,
no whytt of all my woo.

Sonettes.

VNhappye tonge,
why dydſte thou not cõſent
When fyrſt myne eyes
dyd beiwe that Princely face,
To ſhow good wyll,
that hart oppreſt than ment.
And whylſt tyme was,
to ſeiwe for preſent grace.
O fayntyng Hart,
why dydſt thou then conceale?
Thyne inwarde fyers,
that flamde in euery vayne,
Whan pytie and
gentlenes, were bent to heale.
Why dydſt thou not,
declare thy ragyng payne?
When well thou mightſt
haue moued her gentle mynde,
Why dydſte thou than,
kepe backe thy wofull playn?
Thou knewſte full well,
redres is hard to fynde,
Whan in thy owne
affayres, thy corage faynts.

But

Sonettes.

But ſynce ſhe is
gon, bewaile thy griefe no moore
Synce thou thy ſelfe,
wart Cauſer of the Sooze.

Oculi augent dolorem.

Out of ſyght, out of mynd.

THe oftener ſene, the moze I luſt,
The moze I luſt, the moze I ſmart
The moze I ſmart, the moze I truſt,
The moze I truſt, the heauyer hart,
The heuy hart, bzeedes myne vnreſt,
Thy abſence therfoze, lyke I beſt.

The rarer ſene, the leſſe in mynde,
The leſſe in mynde, the leſſer payne,
The leſſer payne, leſſe grefe I fynd,
The leſſer grefe, tthe greater gayne,
The greater gayne, the merper I,
Therfoze I wyſh thy ſyght to flye.

The further of, the moze I ioye.
The moze I ioye, the happyer lyfe,

The

Sonettes.

The happyer lyfe, leſſe hurts annoye
The leſſer hurts, pleaſure moſt ryfe,
Suche pleaſures ryfe, ſhall I obtayne
Whē Diſtaūce doth depart vs twaine

¶ finis.

Accuſe not God, yf fancie fond,
do moue thy foolyſh brayne,
To wayle for loue, for thou thy ſelfe,
art cauſe of all thy payne.

¶ finis.

Who Lynes ſhall tell the Gypeſs
that I by Loue ſuſtayne.
I burne, I flame, I faynt, I fryſe,
of Hell I feele the payne.

¶ Of the vnfortunate choyſe of his Valentyne.

The Paynes that all the Furyes
can caſt frō Lymbo lake, (fell
Eche Torment of thoſe Helliſh
wher crawleth many a ſnake, (brains
Eche miſchiefe that therin doth lye
eche ſmart that may be founde,

Flye

Sonettes,

Flye frō thoſe feendiſh clawes a whyle
with flames breake vp the grounde,
Lyght here vpon this curſed hand,
make here your dwellyng place,
And plague the part, ẏ durſt preſume
his Mayſter to diſgrace.
Whiche thruſt amongſt a nombre of:
ſo many princely names,
And wher thy Maiſtres had her place
amongſt the chiefeſt Dames,
Durſte thus preſume to leue her there
and drawe a ſtraunger wyght,
And by thyne owne vnhappy draught
torment my pauled Spryght.

¶ The vncertaynty of Lyfe.

NO bayner thing ther can be foūd
amyd this bale of ſtryfe,
As Auncient men reporte haue
then truſte vncertayne lyfe. (made
This trwe we dayly fynde,
by prooſes of many yeares,

And

Sonettes.

And many tymes the trothe is tryed,
by loſſe of frendly feares,
Hope who ſo lyſt in lyfe
hath but vncertayne ſtay.
As tayle of Ele that harder held,
doth ſooner ſlyde away.
When leaſt we thynk therof,
moſt neare approcheth it.
And ſodaynly poſſes the place,
wher lyfe before did ſytt:
How many haue byn ſeen,
in Helth to go to reſt,
And yet eare mornyng tyde haue ben,
with Cruell Death oppreſt,
How many in their meales,
Haue Joyfully ben ſett,
That ſodaynly in all their feaſte,
hath yealded Earth theyr dett.
Syth thus the lyfe is nought,
that in this world we truſt,
And that for all the pompes Pryde,
the Bodie tournes to duſt:
Hope for the lyfe a boue,
whiche far ſurmounteth all.

With

Sonettes,

With vertuous mind await the time,
when God, for vs doth call.

¶ A Refuſall.

SYth Fortune fauoures not,
and al thynges backward go,
And ſith your mynd hath ſo de-
to make an end of woe. (creed,
Syth now is no redreſſe.
but hence I muſt away,
Farewell I waſt no vayner wordes,
I Hope for better day.

¶ Of Maiſtres. D S.

THy fyled wordes,
ẏ from thy mouth did flow
Thy modeſt looke,
wyth geſture of *Drane.*
Thy curteous mynde,
and althynges framed ſo.

As

Sonettes.

As anſwered well,
vnto thy vertuous ſame,
The gentlenes
that at thy handes I founde
In ſtaungers houſe,
all vnaquaynted I,
Good S. hath
my Hart to the ſo bounde,
That from the can
it not be forced to flye,
In pledge wherof,
my ſeruyce here I gyue
Yf thou ſo wylte,
to ſerue the whylſt I lyue.

Of Money.

GYue Money me, take
Frendſhyp who ſo lyſt,
For Frends are gon
come once Aduerſytie,
When Money yet
remayneth ſafe in Cheſt,

That

Sonettes.

That quickely can the
byng from myſerye,
fayre face ſhowe frendes,
when ryches do habounde,
Come tyme of proofe,
farewell they muſt awaye,
Beleue me well,
they are not to be founde.
If God but ſende
the once a lowrynge daye.
Golde neuer ſtarts
aſyde, but in dyſtres,
Fyndes wayes enoughe,
to eaſe thyne heuynes.

¶ Goyng towardes Spayne.

FArewell thou fertyll ſoyle,
that *Brutus* fyrſt out founde,
Whē he poore ſoule, was driuen
frō out his Cōūtrey groūd. (clean
That Northward layſt thy luſty ſides
amyd the ragyng Seas.

Sonettes.

Whose welthy Land doth foster vpp,
thy people all in ease,
While others scrape & carke abroad,
theyr symple foode to gett.
And selye Soules take all for good,
that cõmeth to the Net. (pych,
Which they with painfull paynes do-
in barrain burning Realmes:
While we haue all with out restreint
a mong thy welthy streames.
O blest of God thou Pleasaunt Ile,
where welth her self doth dwell:
Wherin my tender yeares I pass,
I byd thee now farewell.
For Fancy dryues me forth abrode,
and byds me take delyght,
In leuyng thee and raungyng far,
to se some straunger syght.
And sayth I was not framed heare,
to lyue at home with eas:
But passynge forth for knowledge
to cut the fomyng seas. (sake

At

Sonettes.

¶ At Bonyuall in Fraunce.

O fond affectyon,
wounder of my Hart,
When wylt thou Ceaſe,
to breed my reſtles payne,
When comes the end,
of thys my Cruell ſmart:
When ſhall my force,
beate backe thy force agayne.
When ſhall I ſaye,
this reſtles rage of myne:
By Reaſon ruld,
is banyſht quyte away,
And I eſcaped,
theſe cruell bondes of thyne:
O flamynge feend,
that ſeakeſt my decaye.
Safe thynkyng I,
Charibdis Rage to flye,
On Scylla Rocke,
In Bonyuall I dye.

Sonettes.

¶ Commynge home warde out of Spayne.

RAgyng Seas,
and myghty Neptunes rayne
In monſtrous Hylles,
that throweſt thy ſelfe ſo hye,
That wyth thy ſludes,
doeſt beate the ſhores of Spayne:
And breake the Clyues,
that dare thy force enuie.
Ceaſe now thy rage,
and laye thyne Ire aſyde,
And thou that haſt,
the gouernaunce of all,
O myghty God,
graunt Wether Wynd and Tyde,
Tyll in my Coun=
treye Coaſt, our Anker fall.

¶ To

Sonettes.

¶ To L. Blundeſton of Ingratitude.

The lyttell Byrde,
the tender Marlyon,
That vſeth ofte
vpon the Larke to prayе,
With great reproche,
doth ſtayne the mynde of man
If all be true,
that Wryters of her ſaye.
For ſhe a Creature,
maymde of Reaſons parte,
And framde to lyue
accordynge to her kynde,
Doth ſeme to foſter
Reaſon in her Hart
And to aſpyre
vnto Deuyner mynde.
When Hungers rage
ſhe hath eryed quyte,
And ſupped well
as falleth for her ſtate.

Sonettes,

The ſelye Larke,
doth take by force of flyght,
And hyes to tree,
where as ſhe lodged late,
And on the trem:
blyng Bryde all nyght ſhe ſtondes,
To keepe her feete,
from force of nyppynge colde,
The amazed Wretche,
within her ēnemyes handes,
And cloſed faſt,
within the claſpyng holde.
Awayteth Death,
with drowſye drolwppng Hart,
And all the nyght
with feare drawes on her lyfe,
The gentle Bryde,
whan darkenes doth departs
Doth not depryue,
the ſelye ſoule of lyfe,
Nor fylles with her
her hungred egre breſt
But wayeng well,
the ſeruyce ſhe hath done.

To

Sonettes.

To ſpyll the Blud,
her Nature doth deteſt
And from ſo great
a Cryme, her ſelfe doth ſhun.
She lets her go
and moze with ſtedfaſt eyes.
Beholds whiche way
ſhe takes with mazed ſyght,
And in thoſe partes
that Daye ſhe neuer flyes
Leaſte on that Byde
agayne ſhe chaunce to lyght.
Loe, *Blundſton* beare
how kyndenes doth habounde,
In ſelye Soules
where Reaſon is eryde,
This Byde alone
ſuffyſeth to confounde,
The Brutyſh myndes
of men that are defyled,
With that great Vice,
that byle and haynous Cryme
Ingratitude
(whiche ſome vnkyndenes call.)

That

That Poyson strong
that spryngeth styll with tyme,
Tyll at the length,
it hath infected all.

¶ The Aunswere of L. Blundeston to the same.

This Mirrour left
of this thy Byrde I fynde,
Hath not suche force,
to enter in the Hert,
To roote away,
Unthankefulnes of minde,
As others haue,
the Vertues to peruert,
(so prone we are to Vice:)
The Tenche by kynd,
hath Salue for euery Soore,
And heales the may=
med Pike in his dystresse,

Sonettes.

The Churlyſh Pike
ſo Gentlenes therfore,
In his rewarde,
doth Crueltie exprelle.
His murdring mynde,
his fylthy ſpotted fayth,
When hungre prickes
to fyll his gredye Jawes,
He grypes his poore
Chyrurgion vnto death.
Who late to hym
of lyfe was onely cauſe.
Thy Perlians haue
fewe Apryes in our ground
But Pikes haue Spawnes
good ſtoore in euery Pound

¶ To the Tune of Appelles.

THe ruſhyng Ryuers that do run
Thebaleys ſweet adourned new
That leans their ſides againſt ẏ
w̄ flours freſh of ſūdry hew, (Sun

Sonettes.

Both Aſhe and Elme, and Oke ſo hye,
Do all lament my wofull crye.

While winter blak, w̃ hydious ſtormes
Doth ſpoil ẏ groũd of Sõmers grene,
while ſpringtime ſweet ẏ leaf returns
That late on tree could not be ſene,
while ſõmer burns while harueſt rais
Still ſtyl do rage my reſtles paynes.

No ende I find in all my ſmart,
But endles torment I ſuſtayne
Synce fyrſt alas, my wofull Hart
By ſight of the was forſt to playne,
Synce that I loſt my Lybertie,
Synce that thou madſte a Slaue of me

My Hart that once abroade was free
Thy Beautie hath in durance brought
Ons reaſon rulde and guyded me,
And now is wyt cõſumde w̃ thought
Ons I reioyſed aboue the Skye,
And now for the I alas I dye.

Ons

Sonettes.

Ons I reioyſed in Companye,
And now my chief and whole delyght
Is from my frendes awaye to dye
And keepe alone my wery̌ed ſpryght
Thy face deuyne and my deſyre,
Frō fleſh hath me tranſtormed to fyre.

O Nature thou that fyrſt dyd frame,
My Ladyes heare of pureſt Golde
Her face of Cryſtall to the ſame.
Her lippes of precious Rubyes molde
Her necke of Alablaſter whyte
Surmountyng farre the other Wight

Why dydſt thou not that tyme deuiſe
Why dydſt thou not foreſe before?
The miſchyefe that therof doth ryſe,
And griefe on griefe doth heap with ſtor
To make her hart of War alone,
And not of Flynt and Marble Stone.

O Lady ſhowe thy fauour yet,
Let not thy Seruaunt dye for the
Where Rygour rulde, let Mercye ſyt

Let

Cupido

Let Pytie Conquere Crueltie,
Let not Diſdain, a Feend of Hell,
Poſſes the place, wher Grace ſhuld
dwell.

Cupido Conquered.

THe ſweeteſt time of al the yeare
it was when as the Sonne,
Had newly entred *Gemini*,
and warmynge heate begun:
Whan euery tre was clothed greene,
and flowers fayre dyd ſhow, (May
And when the whyt and blowmynge
on Hawthorns thicke did grow,
Whan forth I longd to ſeeke a broade,
to ſe ſome Pleaſaunt ſyght,
A mid my woes and heauye happes,
that myght my Mynde delyght,
Care wold not let me byde within,
but forſt me forth to go:
And bad me ſeeke ſume preſent helpe,
for to relyue my wo.

Than

Cupido

Than forward went I forth in haſte,
to vew the garnyſht trees:
What tyme the Son was moũted vp,
twixt nyne and ten degrees.
From flowers flew ſweete ayers a-
delighting much my brayn, (broad,
With ſyghts ſmels gan ſorow fade,
and Ioy returne agayne.
So that in mynde I much reioyce,
to feele my ſelf ſo lyght:
For gorgyous ſyghtes & odours ſweet
had new reuyued my ſpyryght.
Beſyde the pleaſaunt Harmonye,
that ſyngyng Byrdes did make:
Bad me pul vpp my Hart agayne,
and ſorrow ſone forſake.
For though (quoth *Reaſon.*) ſhe be gon
on whom thy Lyfe dependes,
Yet fond it is to carke and care
where there is none amendes.
Thus forth I went, & in the groues
I raunged heare and theare,
Wheras I hard ſuche pleaſaũt tunes
as Heauen had ben neare.

Cupido

I thynke that if *Amphion* hadde,
ben preſent ther to playe,
Or if Sir *Orpheus* myght haue held,
his Harp, that preſent day.
Or if *Apollo* with his Lute,
had ſtryuen to excell,
None of them all, by Muſycke ſholde,
haue borne away the Bell.
I rather iudge the thracian wold,
his Harpe wherwith he played,
Haue caſt a way as one whom Ire,
had vtterly diſmayed.
Such paſſyng tunes of ſundry Byrds,
I neuer herd before,
The further I went in the Woods.
the noyſe reſounded more.
O happy Byrdes quoth I what lyfe,
is this that you do leade,
How far from Care and myſery,
how far from feare and dread:
With what reioyſynge melodie,
paſſe you this fadyng Lyfe,
While Man vnhappieſt creatur liues
In wretched toyle and ſtryfe.

Styll

conquered

Styll forth I went and wonderd at,
this pleſaunt Harmony.
And gaſed at theſe lytle Fooles,
that made ſuche Melody:
Tyll at the length I gan to ſpye,
a ſtately Laurell tree,
So plaſt and ſett in ſuch a guyſe,
That as it ſeamed to me,
Dame Nature ſtroue to ſhew her ſelf
in plantyng ſuch a thyng,
For Euen out beſyde the rocke,
a fountayne cleane did ſpryng,
Where in the water I beheld,
reſembled wonderous trew,
The Whyte & Greene of al the trees,
adourned late of new.
And how in order eake they ſtood,
a goodly ſyght to ſe,
And there I might diſcerne the Byrds
that ſonge in euery tree.
To moue the Byll & ſhake the wings
in vtteryng Muſicke ſweete
And heare and thear, to flye to feade,
and eftſones theare to meete.

Great

conquered.

Great pleaſure had I there to byde,
and ſtare vpon the Spryng,
For why me thought it dyd ſurmount,
eache other kynde of thyng.
Now was the Son got vp aloft,
and raught the myde Lyne,
And in the Well, the Golden Globe,
with flamyng Beames dyd ſhyne,
Wherof the Bryghtnes was ſo great
that I might not endure,
Lenger to looke within the Spryng,
whoſe waters were ſo pure.
Unwyllyng went I thence away,
and vnderneth the tree,
I laid me down whoſe braūches brode
dyd keepe the Son from me.
Thynkyng to reſt me there a whyle,
tyll fallyng ſome degrees,
For Phebus ſhuld haue hyd hym ſelf,
behynde the ſhadowyng trees,
And thē for to haue bewd the Spring,
and marked enery place,
And ſeene yf there I could haue ſpied
the weepyng *Biblis* face.

For

conquered.

For ſore I thynke, it was the place,
wherein *Narciſſus* dyed,
Or els the Well, to which was turnd
poore *Bibles* whyle ſhe cryed.
But whether it was weryneſs,
with labour that I tooke,
Or fume ẏ frō the Spryng dyd ryſe,
wherin I late dyd looke.
Or yf it were the ſweete accorde
that ſyngyng Byrdes dyd keepe,
Or what it was, I knowe no whit
but I fell faſt a ſleepe.
I thynke the woddy Nimphes agreed
that I ſhuld haue this chaūce,
And that it was theyr pleaſure ſo,
to ſhowe me thyngs in traunce.
Whilſte I lay thus in ſlumbre deepe,
I myght perceyue to ſtande,
A Perſon clothed all in whyte,
that held a Rod in hande.
Whiche was me thought of Maſſey
I knew it very weale, (Gold,
For that was it, made *Argos* ſleepe,
whyle he dyd *Io* ſteale.

Cupido

When I perceaued by his attyre,
that it was *Mercuri.*
My hart at firſt began to faynt.
yet at the length quoth I
Thou Goddeſſe Son, why ſtandeſte,
what buſines now w̄ thee, (there
What meaneſt ỳ in thy flying weed,
for to appeare to me,
And therwithall my thought I ſtaled,
and could no farther ſpeake,
For feare did force my ſpech to fayle,
and Courage wared weake.
Which whan the ſone of *Maia* ſawe,
he tooke me by the hand,
Looke vp quoth he be not affrayed:
but boldly by me ſtand.
The Muſes all of *Helicon*,
haue ſent me now to thee:
Whō thou doeſt ſerue & whoſe ỹ ſeekſt
for euer more to be.
And thankes to the by me they ſende
Bycauſe thou tookeſt payne,
In theyr Affaires (a thankeles thyng)
to accuſe thy Brayne.

Deſyring

conquered.

Deſpyſing thee not for to ſtaye,
for *Momus* ill repoꝛt,
But endyng that thou haſt begun,
to ſpyte the Cankred ſoꝛte.
And thynk not thou, that thou art he,
that canſt eſcape Diſdayne,
The day ſhall come when thankfull men,
ſhall well accept thy Paine,
But rather lay before thyne eyes,
the hie attemptes of thoſe,
Whoſe ſtatly ſtyle by painfull pꝛoofe,
theyꝛ woꝛthy wytes diſcloſe,
Marke him that thundꝛed out ye deeds
Of olde *Anchiſes* ſun, (grace.
Whoſe Engliſh verſe gyues *Maroes*
In all that he hath done,
Whoſe death the *Muſes* ſoꝛrow much,
that lacke of aged dayes,
Amongeſt the cõmon Bꝛytons old,
ſhould hynder *Virgils* pꝛayſe.
Mark him ye hath wel framde a Glaſſe
foꝛ ſtates to looke vpon,
Whoſe labour ſhews the ends of thẽ,
that lyued long a gone.

Cupido

Marke hym that ſhowes ẏ Tragedies
thyne owne familyar frende,
By whom ẏ Spaniards hawty Style
in Englyſh Verſe is pende.
Marke theſe ſame three, & other moe,
whoſe doyngs well are knowne,
Whoſe fayre attempts in euery place
The flying fame hath blowne,
Haſt thou not harde, thy ſelfe in place
full ofte and many a tyme,
Lo here the Auctor loſeth grace,
Loe here a doltyſh Ryme,
Now ſyth that they haue this reward
who paſſe the euen as farre,
As in the nyght *Diana* doth,
Excell the dimmeſt Starre.
Take thou no ſcorne at cupll tongs,
what neadſt thou to diſdayne?
Syth they whō none can well amend
haue lyke fruyte of theyr payne.
Moreouer yet the Ladyes nyne,
haue all cōmaunded me,
Bycauſe they know, the blynded God
hath ſomethyng pearced the.

To

conquered.

To leade the fooꝛth, a thyng to ſee,
yf all thyngs happen ryght,
Whiche ſhall gyue the occaſion good,
with ioyfull mynde to wꝛyght.
To this, I wold haue anſwered fayne
and theare began to ſpeake,
But as my woꝛds were cõmyng fooꝛth
my purpoſe hee dyd bꝛeake.
Come on (quoth he,) none Aunſwere (now
we may no lenger ſtaye.
But frame thy ſelfe, to flye abꝛoade,
foꝛ hence we muſt awaye.
And here withall, on both my ſydes,
two wyngs me thought dyd growe,
Of mighty bꝛeadth, away went he,
and after hym I flowe.
And euer as we mounted vp,
I lookte vpon my wyngs,
And pꝛowde I was, me thought to ſee
ſuche vnacquaynted thyngs.
Tyll fooꝛth we flewe, my Guyde & I,
with mountyng flyght apace,
Beholdyng Ryuers, woods, & hylles
and many a goodly place.

Cupido

Till at the length methought I might
a Gorgyous Castell spye,
Thear downe began my guyd to fall,
and dolwnward eake fell I,
To heare the place where ỹ must light
Gan *Mercury* to saye,
Farwell and note what thou doost se,
for I must hence away.
And with this same a way flewe he,
and left me there alone,
Wher as with feare a maide I stood,
and thus began to mone.
Alas where am I now become,
what Cursed Chaunce hath blown,
Me from the place where I was bred,
to Countreis heare vnknown.
What ment that fell vnhappy Feend,
that *Maia* brought to lyght,
To bring me from my Hartes desyre,
to see thys dolefull syght.
Unhappy Wretche, I wolde I hadde,
his Person heare in hand,
Then shuld I wreak mine Ire of him,
that brought me to this Land.

But

conquered.

But all to late alas I wyſh,
for wordes auayle not nowe,
Tis beſt to learne, what place it is,
and yet I knowe not howe.
Alas that here were *Ptholome*,
with Compaſſe Globe in hande,
Whoſe Arte ſhuld ſhowe me true the
Clymate where I ſtande, (place
Well yet what ſoeuer chaũce theron
what ſoeuer Realme it be,
Pon Caſtell wyll I vyſyte ſure,
hap what hap wyll to me.
Thus much me thought alone I ſpoke.
and then I forewarde went,
And curſed eke an hundred folde,
them that me thyther ſent.
Thus to the Caſtell, ſtrayght I came.
whiche when I bewde aboute,
And ſawe the workmanſhyp therof
full gorgeouſlye ſet oute.
I entred in, with fearefull Harte,
muche doutyng howe to ſpeede,
But euer hope of happye chaunce,
my heaupe Hart dyd feede.

Wyde

Cupido

Wyde was the Courte & large within
the walles were rayſed hye,
And all engraued with Storyes fayre
of coſtlye Imagrye.
There myght I ſe, w̄ wondrous Arte,
the Picture porturde playne,
Of olde *Orion* Hunter good,
whom Scorpions byle had ſlayne.
And by hym ſtoode his Borſpeare and
his other Inſtruments,
His Net, his Darte, his Courſar, and
his Hunters reſtyng Tents.
And vnder hym was wrytten fayre,
in Letters all of Golde,
Here lies he ſlain, w̄ Scorpions ſting,
vnhappy wretche that wolde,
Haue forced the Ladye of this forte
with ſtayne of Royaltie.
To haue conſented to his wyll,
in fylthye Lecherye.
Wherfore beware that enters here,
what ſoeuer man thou art?
Accounte thy ſelfe but loſt, yf that
thou bearſte a lecherous Hart.

When

conquered

Whē I had bewd theſe wrytten lines
and markde the Storye well,
I ioyed muche, for why I knew,
Diana there dyd dwell.
Diana ſhe that Goddeſſe is,
of Virgyns ſacred mynde,
By whom *Orion* hunter wylde,
his fatall ende dyd fynde.
Nert vnto hym, I myght beholde,
Acteon wofull wyght,
In what a maner, all to torne,
his cruell Dogs hym dyght.
There might be ſeene, theyr gredye
& maiſters blud embrued, (mouths
And all his owne vnhappye men,
that faſt theyr Lorde purſued.
And many Storyes more there war
engraued: to long to tell.
What fearefull haps to many men,
for luſt vncleane befell.
Thus as I ſtoode with muſyng mind
beholdyng all thyngs theare,
In ruſheth at the Gate behynde
a Poſt with heauy cheare.

Cupido

Unto the Hall with haſte he hyes
and after folowed I,
To here what kynde of Newes he
or what he ment therby. (brought
He paſſyng through the Hall in haſte,
at entraunce neuer ſtayed,
But blowyng faſt for want of breath,
as one almoſte diſmayed.
Approcht in Preſence to the ſyght
of chaſte *Dianaes* face,
That all encompaſſe rounde aboute
with Virgyns in that place,
In loftye Chayre of hye eſtate
dyd ſyt, all clothde in whyte,
Of Syluer hewe, that ſhynyg gaue,
me thought, a gorgeous ſyght.
There dyd I ſe, fayre *Dido* Queene
and fayre *Hiſiphile*,
And nert to them *Lucretia* ſat,
and chaſte *Penelope*.
But theſe ſame foure, no Bowes dyd
for Virgyns ſacred ſtate, (beare
They had forſaken long ago,
and ioynde with faythfull yate.

On

conquered

On the other ſyde, ſat all the ſorte
of fayre *Dianaes* trayne,
Whoſe trade with toyle amongſt the woods
was euer bent to payne.
Whoſe ſacred minds, were ner defyld
with any wanton luſt,
Which neuer could the ſpeble ſtate,
of Louers fancye truſte.
The chyefe of them was *Iſmenis*,
whom beſt *Diana* loued,
And nert in place ſat *Hyale*,
whom neuer fancye moued,
Nert vnto them ſat *Nipha* fayre,
a Gemme of Chaſtyte.
And nert to her ſat *Phyale*,
not baſeſt in degree,
Behynde them all, of paſſyng forme,
fayre *Rhanis* held her place,
And nye to her I myght diſcerne
Dame *Pictes* ſhynyng face,
These Pyncely Nymphes accompanied
Diana in her Baynes,
Whyle as in ſhape of Stagge poore
Acteon had his paynes.

Aboue

Cupido

Aboue them all I myght beholde,
as placed before the reſt,
Hipolitus whom *Phedras* ſpyte?
moſt Cruelly had dreſt.
Hipolitus the vnſpotted Pearle:
of pure Virginitie,
Whoſe noble Hart culd not agre,
to ſtepdames vyllany.
Nert vnto hym ſat Continence,
and nert was Labour placed?
Of bodie bygge and ſtrong he was,
and ſomwhat Crabtre faced.
Nert hym was placed Abſtinence,
a leane vnwyldy wyght,
Whoſe Diet thyn had baniſht cleane,
all fond and vayne delyght.
A Thouſād moreme thought ther war
whoſe names I did not know,
And yf I did to longe it were,
in Verſes them to ſhow.
Down of his knees the meſſenger,
before them al doth fall,
And vnto chaſt *Diana* thear,
for ſuccour thus doth call.

D

conquered.

O Goddeſſe chiefe of Chaſtitie,
and Sacred Virgins mynd:
Let Pitie from your noble Hart:
redreſſe for Miſers fynd.
Let not our weryed Hartes ſuſtaine,
ſuche wrongfull Tyranye:
Quench quickly now the fyrie flames
of open Iniurye.
This ſayd for Feare he ſtaied awhyle,
and than began agayne,
A myghty Prynce (quoth he) is com,
with great vnruly trayne.
All armed well at euery poynt,
(a dredefull ſyght to ſe:)
And euery man in feates of armes,
ryght ſkylfull all they be.
The Captaine chyfe in Charyot ryde
with pompe and ſtately Pryde:
With Bow in hand of gliſtring gold,
and Quyuer by his ſyde.
Wher many a ſhaft full ſharp doth ly:
and many a mortall Darte,
That hath wt poyſoned force deſtroid,
full many a yealoyng Harte.

Ye

Cupido

He entred hath within your Realme,
and taken many a ſoꝛte,
Hath ſakte them all, and ſpoylde them
of layne a wondꝛous ſoꝛte. (quyte
In ſtraungeſt guyſe, foꝛ where he
the woũde doth feſter ſtyll (ſhoots
And all the Surgians that we haue
can not remoue the yll,
In lytell tyme the gryefe ſo ſoꝛe,
doth growe in euery parte,
Diſtraynyng thꝛough the venomed
doth ſo toꝛment the Hart. (vaines
That ſome to ryd them ſelues therof
in fluds full deepe they leape,
And dꝛown thẽ ſelues ſom downward
from Houſes hye by heape, (falles
Some Anker caſt on croſſed Beames
to ryd them ſelues from ſtryfe,
And hang them ſelues full thycke on
to ende a wꝛetched lyfe. (trees
And they whoſe fearefull mynds dare
thus make an ende of wo, (not
With greuous flames, conſumynge
theyꝛ lyfe at length foꝛgo. (long

Loe,

conquered.

Loe here the ſome of all I haue,
this Tygre vs anoyes,
And cruellye hath ſpoyled vs,
of all our wonted toyes.
Whom yf your Grace do not repuls,
and fynde ſome preſent ſtaye,
Undoubtedly he wyll wyn this Real-
and take vs all awaye. (me,
At this, the Ladyes all amazde
for feare dyd looke full pale,
And all beheld with mazed eyes,
the Wretche that tolde the tale.
Tyll at the length *Hipolitus*
of hart and courage hye,
Nothyng abaſhde, with ſodain newes
began thus to replye.
Caſte fere away, fayre Dames (quoth
diſmaye your ſelues no more, he)
I know by whō this miſchief ſpryngs
and know a helpe therfore.
It is not ſuche a dredefull Wyght,
as he doth here reporte,
That entred in within theſe partes,
and plagues the ſymple ſorte.

Nor

Cupido

Nor is his force ſo great to feare,
I know it I full well:
It is the ſcornfull blynded Boy,
that neare to vs doth dwell.
Whom *Mars* long tyme a go begatt,
of that Laſciuious dame:
That Linckt in Chaines for Lechery,
receaued an open ſhame.
A diſobedient blynded Foole,
that durſt preſume to turne:
His dartes agaynſt his mother ons,
and cauſd her ſore to burne.
An auncient foo:to all this Court,
Of long tyme he hath ben:
And hath attempted euermore,
by this:Renowne to wyn.
His cruell Hart, of Pitie voyed,
doth ſpare no kynd of age:
But tender youth and dotyng age,
he ſtrykes in furyous rage.
And laughes to ſcorne the ſely ſoules
that he hath wounded ſo,
No fine appoynted of theyr ils,
no end of al theyr wo.

But

conquered.

But ſyns he hath preſumed thus,
to entre heare in Place,
And heare to threten Conqueſts thus,
agaynſt *Dianaes* Grace,
Let him beſure his loftie Pynde,
this deade ſhall ſoone repent,
If that your grace do here agre,
with fre and full conſent.
To make me Cheftain of this Charge
and whom I lyſt to choſe,
If Priſoner heare I bryng hym not,
Let me myne Honour loſe.
And there he ceaſde with ioyfull looks
the Ladyes ſmyled all,
And thorough his wordes they hoaped
to ſe *Cupidoes* fall. (ſoone
With heauenly voice *Diana* thear,
as chyefe aboue the reſt:
This wiſe her wordes began to frame,
from out her ſacred breſt.
My good *Hipolitus* quoth ſhe,
whoſe true and faythfull mynd:
In doubtfull daunger often I,
do alwayes redy fynd.

Cupido

For to reuenge the rankred rage,
of all my ſpytfull foes,
Thou be frō whoſe vnſpotted hart,
the ſtuddes of vertue flowes.
Whoſe ſeruiſe long hath ben aproued,
within this court of myne,
Reſtrayne this boyes vnruly rage,
by valyant meanes of thyne,
I geue the leaue & thee appoint,
my cheyf Lieutenant here,
Chuſe whom ẏ wilt take whom ẏ lyſt,
thou nedeſt no whit to feare.
With this he roſe from out his place,
and lokynge round a bout:
Choſe *Abſtinence* and *Continence*,
with *Labour* Captayne ſtout.
And with theſe thre he tooke his leaue
of all the Ladyes there,
Who doubtyng of his ſafe returne,
let fall full many a teare.
Ye lefte them theare in heaupnes,
and made no more delaye,
But outward went & toward ẏ Cape,
he tooke the neareſt way.

conquered.

With this the Queenes commyſſion
was ſent abroad in haſte, (ſtraight
To rayſe vp ſouldiars round about,
and with theyr Captayne plaſte.
To bring them fourth & marching on,
Hipolitus to meet,
Than ſounded Trumpetes al a broad,
and Drumes in euery ſtreat.
And ſouldears good lyke ſwarmes of
theyr Captains preale about (Bees
All armed braue in Corſletes white,
they march with courage ſtout.
And forwarde ſhoue, till at the length
where as theyr marſhall lyes,
They fynd the place the ioifull ſoūds,
Do mount aboue the ſkyes.
Hipolitus receaued them all,
with woordes of pleſaunt cheare,
And placith them in good aray,
bycauſe the camp was neare.
Three Battails big of them he frams,
and of the Rereward ſtrong,
Hath Labour charge who ſteppeth
before the ſtatlye throng: (fourth,

And Captayn of the reare ward next,
was placed abſtinens.
And Joind to him for Policie,
was Captayne Continence:
The Battayle mayne *Hipolitus*,
him ſelfe did chuſe to guyd.
And in the formoſt front therof,
on Courſer fayre doth ryde:
The *Trumpets* ſound march on apace,
and Dromes the ſame do ſtryke.
Then forward moues ẏ Army great,
In order Martiall lyke.
I cam behynde (me thought) and beſt,
it ſeamed then to me:
To vew the dynt of dreedfull ſword,
and feyghter none to be.
Thie Spies were ſent abroad to vew,
the place where *Cupide* lay:
A longeſt a Ryuer fayre and broad,
they eſpye a pleaſaunt way,
Which waye they tooke and paſſynge
at length apeares a plaine: (fourth,
Both large & vaſt wher lyes ẏ rowt,
of Cruell *Cupides* trayne.

Thus

conquered.

Thus told the ſpyes we onward hye,
and ſtrayght in ſyght we haue,
The ferfull ſhow of all our foes,
and dredfull army braue.
The firſt ỳ marched frō *Cupides* Camp
was drowſy *Idlenes.*
The chyefeſt frend that loue hadthen,
the next was byle *Exces.*
A Lubbour great, miſhapen moſt,
of all that thear I ſaw,
As much I thynk in quantitie,
as hozes ſyze can drawe.
A myghty face both broad and flat,
and all with Rubies ſet:
Suche noſed lyke a Turky Cocke,
with teth as blacke as Get.
A Belye byg, full truſt with guts,
and Peſtels two, lyke Poſtes,
A knaue full ſquare in euery poynt,
a Prynce of dronken Doſtes.
Upon a Camell couched hye,
for Hozſe coulde none hym beare,
A mighty Staffe in hande he had,
his foes a farre to feare.

Cupido

Behynde them all, the blynded God,
doth com in Charyot fayre,
With ragyng flames flong rounde a-
bout
he peftres all the ayre.
And after hym, for tryumphe leades
a thouſande wounded Harts,
That guſh abrode hot ſtreams of blud
new perſed with his Dartes,
The army redy for to meete
and all at poynt to fyght,
Hipolitus with luſty cheare
and with a noble Spryght.
His Souldiers to encourage. Thus
his wordes begyns to place.
My valyaunt frends and Subiects all
of Chaſt *Dianaes* Grace.
whoſe noble Harts were neuer ſtaind
with ſpot of Daſtards mynd,
Behold our enemyes here at hande,
behold yon coward blynd.
Of lytle force, comparde with you
howe in a fond arape,
They ſtragle out no ordre dewe,
obſerued in theyr waye.

Beholde

conquered.

Behold what goodly Guyds they haue
to gouerne them withall,
That neuer knew what fighting ment
but lyue to Venus thrall.
Marke hym that guyds the rerewarde
that vyle deformed Churle, (there
Whose foggy Mates, with paunches
do thycke aboute him whurle. (lyde
And he that formoſt hether coms
loe what a handſome Squyre,
Sure full vnapt to kepe the felde,
more fyt to ſyt by the fyre.
Infyne lo Victorye at hande
with hye tryumphant Crowne,
Bent for to ſpoyle our foes of fame,
and caſt theyr Glorye downe.
Fyght therfore now courageouſlye,
and ryd your frendes of feare,
Declare your Manhod valyauntly,
and let your Harts appeare.
With this the ſounde begyns to moũt
and noyſe hye to ryſe,
And warlyke tunes begyn to daſh,
them ſelues agaynſt the Skyes.

Cupido

The Canons Cracke, begins to roore
and Darts full thycke they flye
And couerd thycke, the armyes both,
and framde a Counter Skye.
And now the Battayls both be ioynde
with ſtroke of Hande to trye.
The quarell iuſt and for to fynde,
where *Victorye* doth lye,
The Souldyers all of *Idlenes*,
where *Labour* comes, do fall,
And wounded ſore, by force of hym,
all bathde in blud, they ſprall.
Hym ſelfe alone with *Idlenes*
nowe hande to hande doth fyght
And after many a mortall wounde,
deſtroyes the ſelye wyght.
Then ioynes with him Syr *Abſtinence*
with avde & ſuccours newe,
And both vpon the greſye Hoaſte,
of Glottonye they flewe.
The Captayn doth aduaunce hymſelf
with *Abſtinence* to meete,
The vnweldy Creature ſmitten there
is tombled vnder feete.

Then

conquered.

Than *Fancie* flyes *Incontinence*
and all *Cupidoes* frendes.
Beholdynge fortune thus to frowne,
by flyght them ſelfe defendes.
Cupido whan he ſees hymſelfe,
thus ſpoylde of all his ayde,
The chyef Supporters of his Courte,
ſo ſodaynly decayde.
Bad turne his Charyottes than with (haſte
and faſt away he flyes,
Amongſt the chaſte *Hipolitus*
on ſwyftye Courſer hyes,
Than all with Joye they after run,
downe thycke the enemyes fall,
The blinded boy, for ſuccour ſtraight
to *Venus* hye doth call,
But all his cryes auayleth not,
his foes hym faſt purſewe,
The ouerthrower of his Charyot ſoone,
Hipolitus there ſlewe.
And down frō Horſe, the wretche doth fall.
The horſes ſpoyld of guyde,
A Souldier ſtoute of *Reaſons* bande,
is wylled there to ryde.

Cupido

Who turning Raynes another waye
restrayns hym of his flyght,
His Honours lost and taken thus,
Cupide in dolfull plyght.
These wordes with tremblyng voyce
syth Fortune thus quoth he, (began
Hath giuen her doome from doubtfull
& turnd her Grace from me. (brest
Syth that the most misfortune nowe,
that euer I could fynd,
Hath chaunced to me and Myser I,
by Destenyes assygnde.
Am Captyue heare, consyder yet,
what Fortune myght haue wrought
And made a Conquerer of me,
and you in Bondage brought.
Consyder yet the wofull plyght,
wherin you had remaynd,
If that the Gods my happy state,
had not so sore disdaynd,
And by your Grief, than measure mine
showe mercye in this case,
That Conquerour comended is,
who gyues to pytie place.

The

conquered.

The cruell mynd dispraysed is,
In euery kynd of state,
No man to hauty lyues on earth,
but ons may fynd his mate.
These wordes *Hipolitus* I speake,
to bread no farther stryfe,
I speake not this of malyce heare,
my suteis for my lyfe.
Syth fortune thus hath fauord you,
graunt thys my small requeft,
And let me lyue yf mercy dwell,
within your Noble breft,
By this tyme *Morpheus* had difperft
the drowfy Clowd of fleape,
And fro my braynes the quyet trauce,
began full faft to Creape.
And downward fell. I wakd therwith
and lokyng round a bout,
Long tyme I mufed where I was,
my mynd was ftyl in doubt.
Tyll at the length I bewde the tree,
and place where as I fat,
And well beheld the pleafaũt Spryng
that late I wondred at.

I

that late I wondred at,
I sawe beside the Golden Globe,
of *Phebus* shyning bright,
That Westwarde halfe, did hide his face
approchyng fast the night.
Eche Byrde began to shrowd hymself
in tree to take his rest
And ceasse the pleasaunt tunes ẏ late
proceaded from theyr Breaste.
I homewarde went, and left them all,
and restles all that night,
I musynge laye, tormented thus,
with fond lamentyng spright.
When *Phebus* rose to passe the tyme,
and passe my greefe alwaye
I take my Pen and pend the Dreame
that made my Muses staye.

Finis.

Imprynted at London
in S. Brydes Churchyarde,
by *Thomas Colwell*, for
Raufe Newbery.

And are to be ſold at his ſhop
in Fleteſtrete, a lytle
aboue the Conduit.

1563.

15 Die Menſis March.

¶Faultes eſcaped in the Prynting.

¶In ỳ.5.Eglog,for Agon rede Egon. ¶In the .6. Eglog for Calleto, reade Calliſto. ¶In ỳ.7.Eglog,for Duerda and Guerda,reade Diana,for Siluanus reade Siluan. for Seluagina, reade Seluagia.
¶In the.2.Epytaphe, for ſoore, reade ſure. ¶In .H.the.2.Page, &.15.lyne, for in,reade on.H.v.Page.1.lyne, for fo,reade for.4.lyne,for Cruelty,rede cruellye. ¶In.K.5.Page.12.lyne, for horſes,reade Horſes.

¶Reade theſe.8.Lynes at the ende of the Sonet.Ons mulyng.&c.

¶Thou lyueſt,but feelſt no gryefe,
no Loue doth the torment,
A happye thynge for me it were,
If God were ſo content.
That thou with Pen,wert placed here
and I ſat in thy place,
Then I ſhuld Joye as thou doſt nowe
and thou ſhuldſt wayle thy caſe.

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Eglogs, epytaphes, and sonettes (Main/2
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